



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
II

NOVEMBER
No. 128

The **DOLL MAN**
puts the pressure on
TOM'S THUMB!

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



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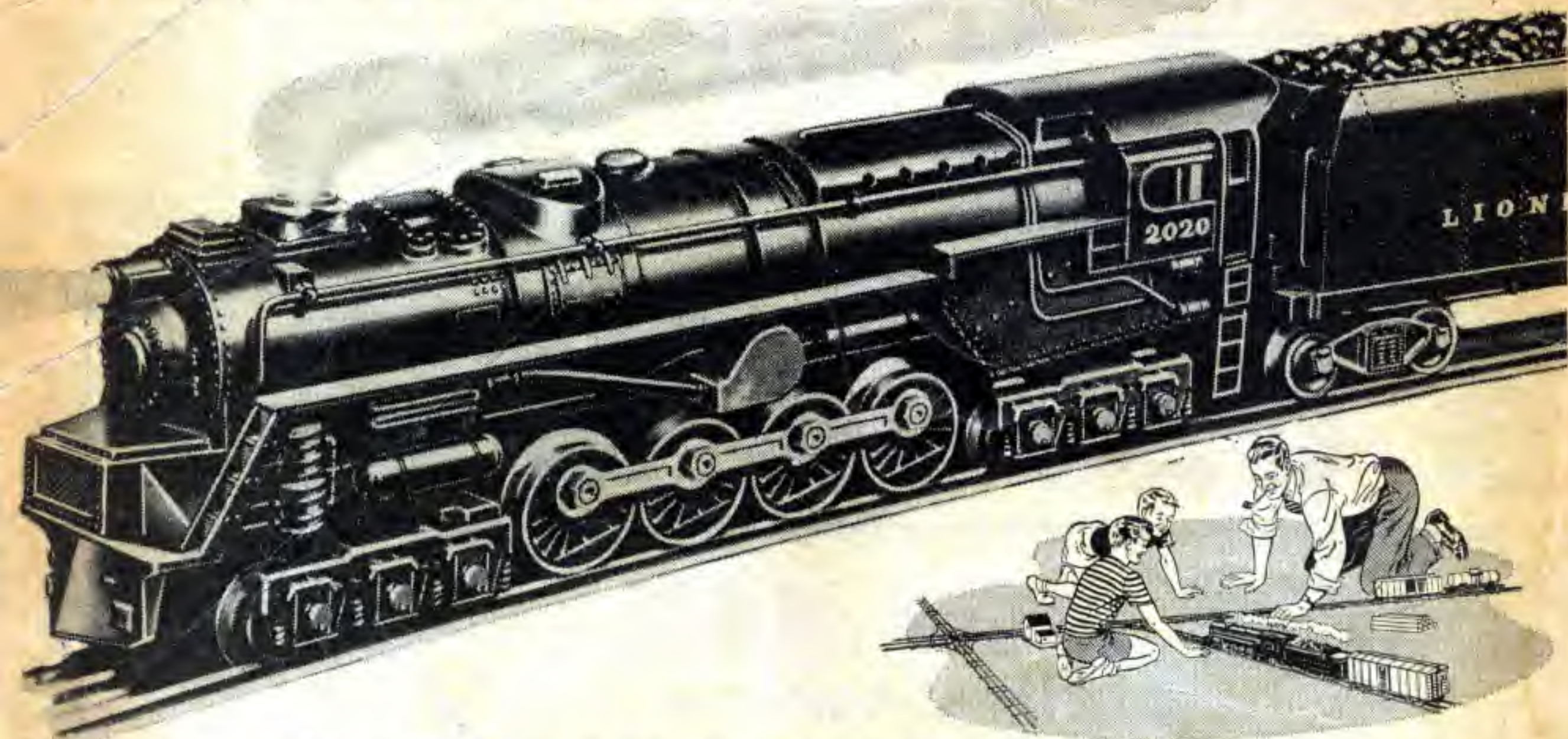
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



Get a LIONEL this Christmas



Real SMOKE!—Real WHISTLE!

Have you seen the new LIONEL Trains? Go to your favorite store and see them soon! Magnificent new LOCOS—including the famous Sante Fe and N. Y. Central DIESELS! Beauties! Ask to see the new conveyor type log loader, and the brand new coal elevator! See the new stream-lined passenger cars! Begin this Christmas to add new items to your LIONEL model railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced as low as \$15.95.



Send today for 36 page FULL COLOR Catalog.

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CITY & STATE. ZONE....

It shows everything!—tells everything about LIONEL TRAINS and accessories. Get yours early!

LIONEL TRAINS

The DOLL MAN



Who is the world's smallest man? Well, the answer is either The Doll Man, mighty mite of crime-busting, or his arch-enemy, **TOM THUMB**, the atom-sized genius of crime!

But when Tom Thumb, learning the secret of miraculous growth, becomes a man six feet tall, he also rivals Doll Man in a field other than crime... one that, if possible, worries **THE DOLL MAN** and his full-sized alter ego, Darrel Dane, even more!

FEATURE COMICS

Bitter is the lot of a small man! And by this standard, who should be more annoyed than TOM THUMB?

SITTING ON PILLOWS JUST TO EAT! IT'S AN INSULT TO MY DIGNITY!



BUT I WON'T HAVE THINGS BUILT TO MY SIZE! I'VE PROVED THAT I'M AS GOOD AS AN ORDINARY-SIZED MAN... IN EVERY WAY! YET I CAN'T HELP WISHING I WAS BIGGER!



HMM! WHAT'S THIS? IT MAY BE JUST THE ANSWER I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

Later, at scientist Carl De Jong's laboratory...

HELLO, CARL! I WANT YOU TO MEET A GOOD FRIEND! HE'S VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR EXPERIMENTS WITH THE GROWTH VITAMIN!

FINE, FINE, DR. ROBERTS! COME RIGHT IN GENTLEMEN!



MY NAME IS DARREL DANE! I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING!

OF COURSE NOT! STEP THIS WAY! I'LL SHOW YOU THE RESULT OF MY LATEST EXPERIMENT!



BEHOLD! A FEW HOURS AGO THIS WAS A NORMAL-SIZED RABBIT!

INCREDIBLE!

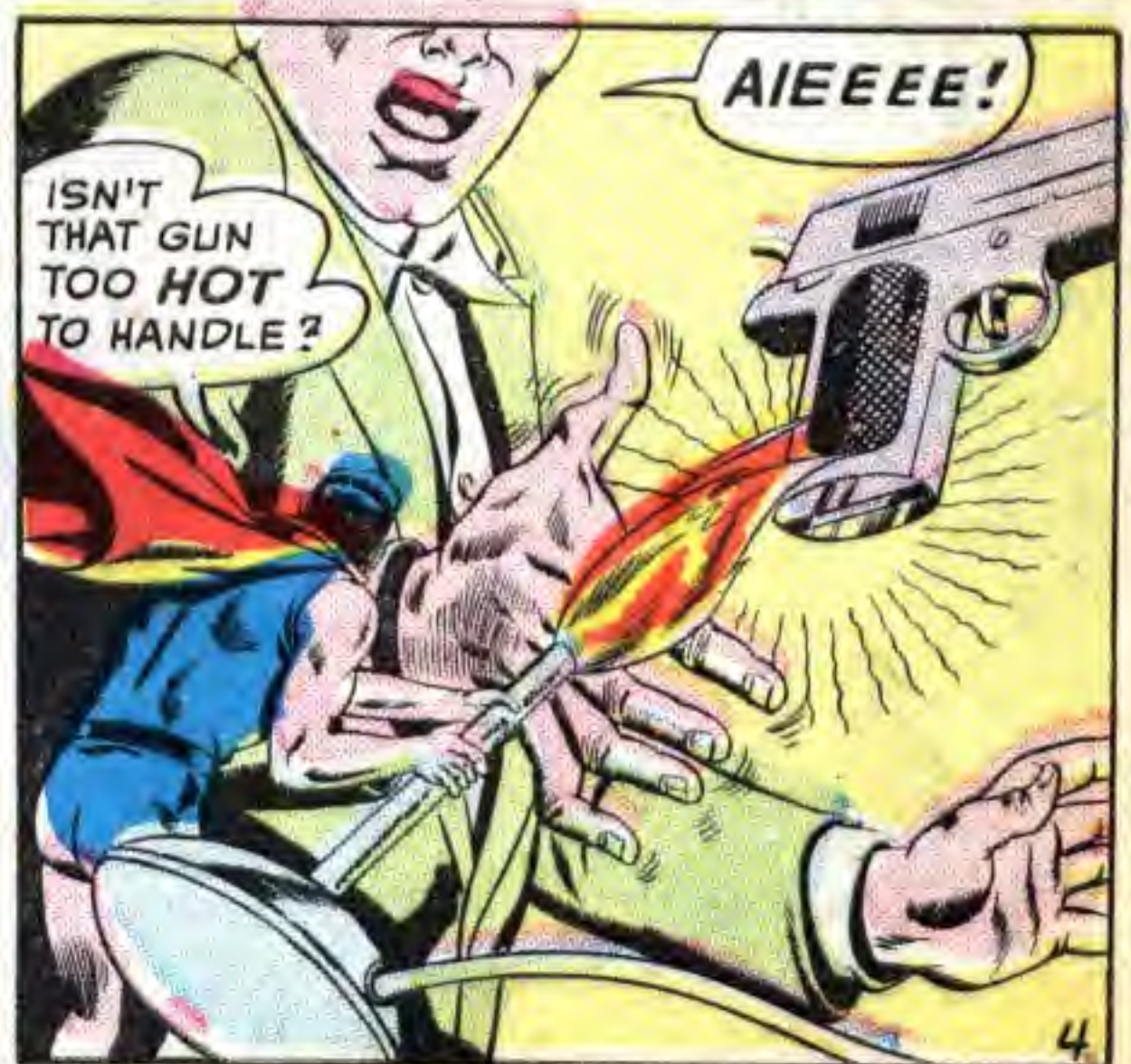
THEN YOUR GROWTH VITAMIN ACTUALLY WORKS ON ANIMALS!

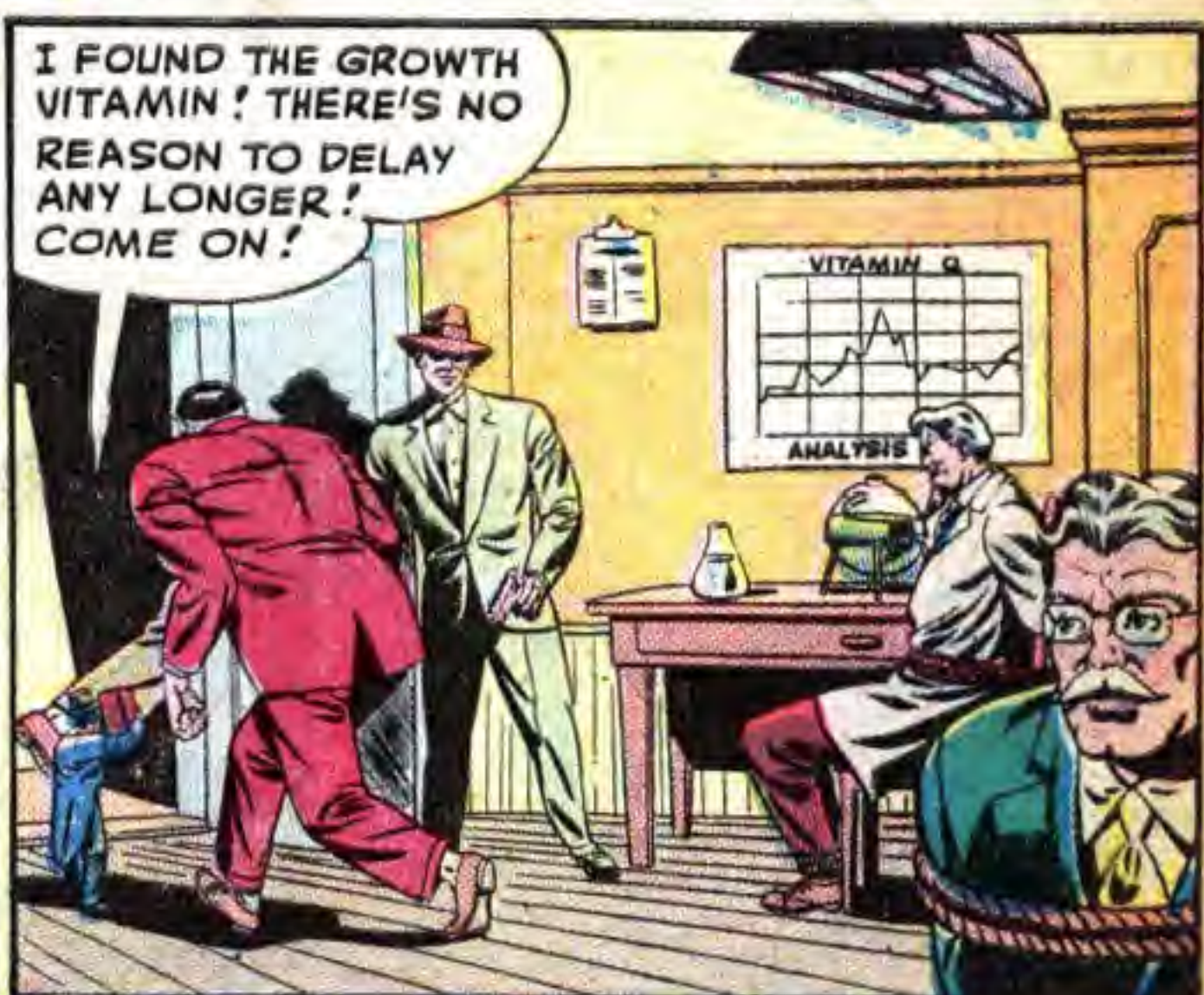
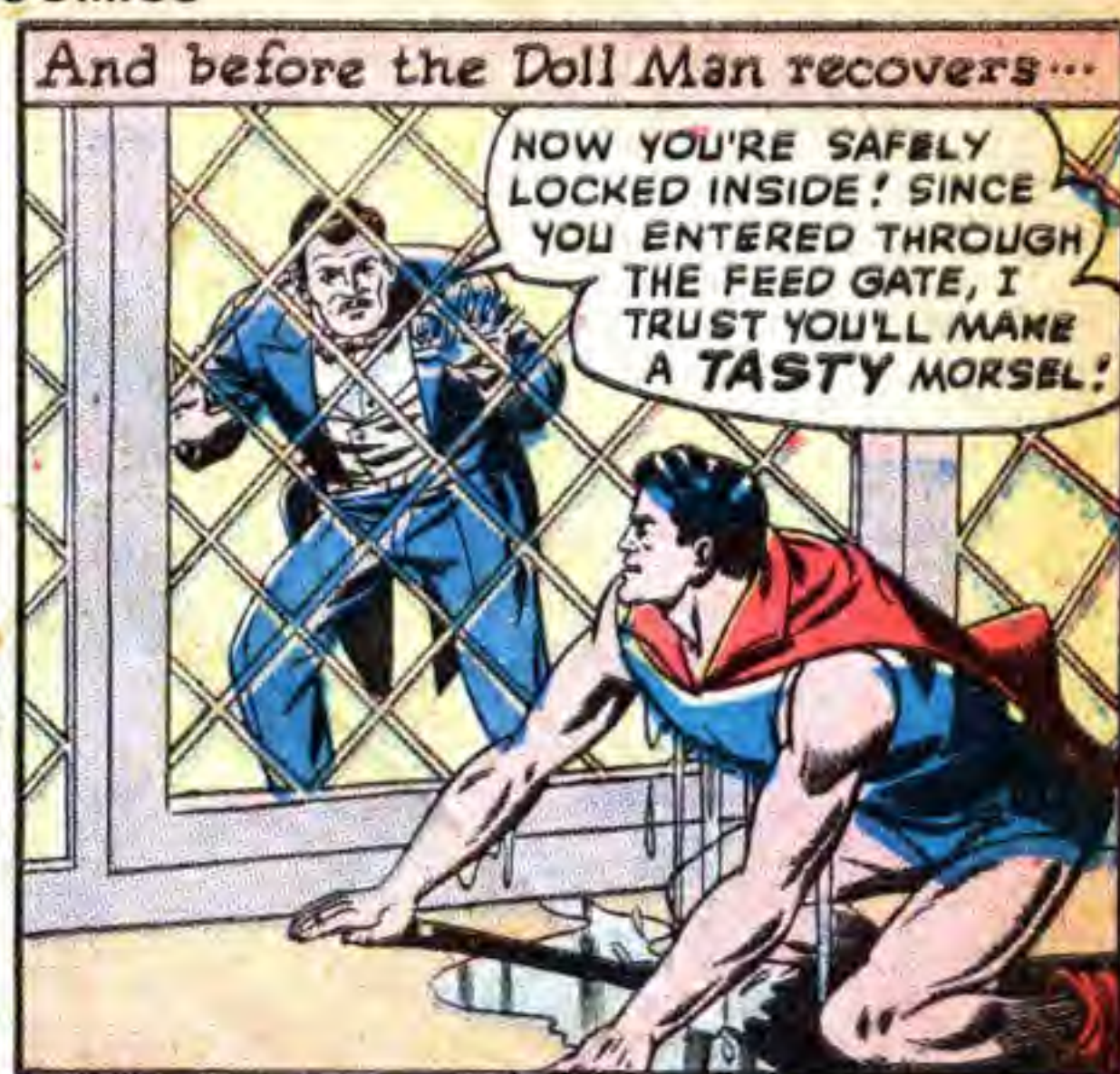
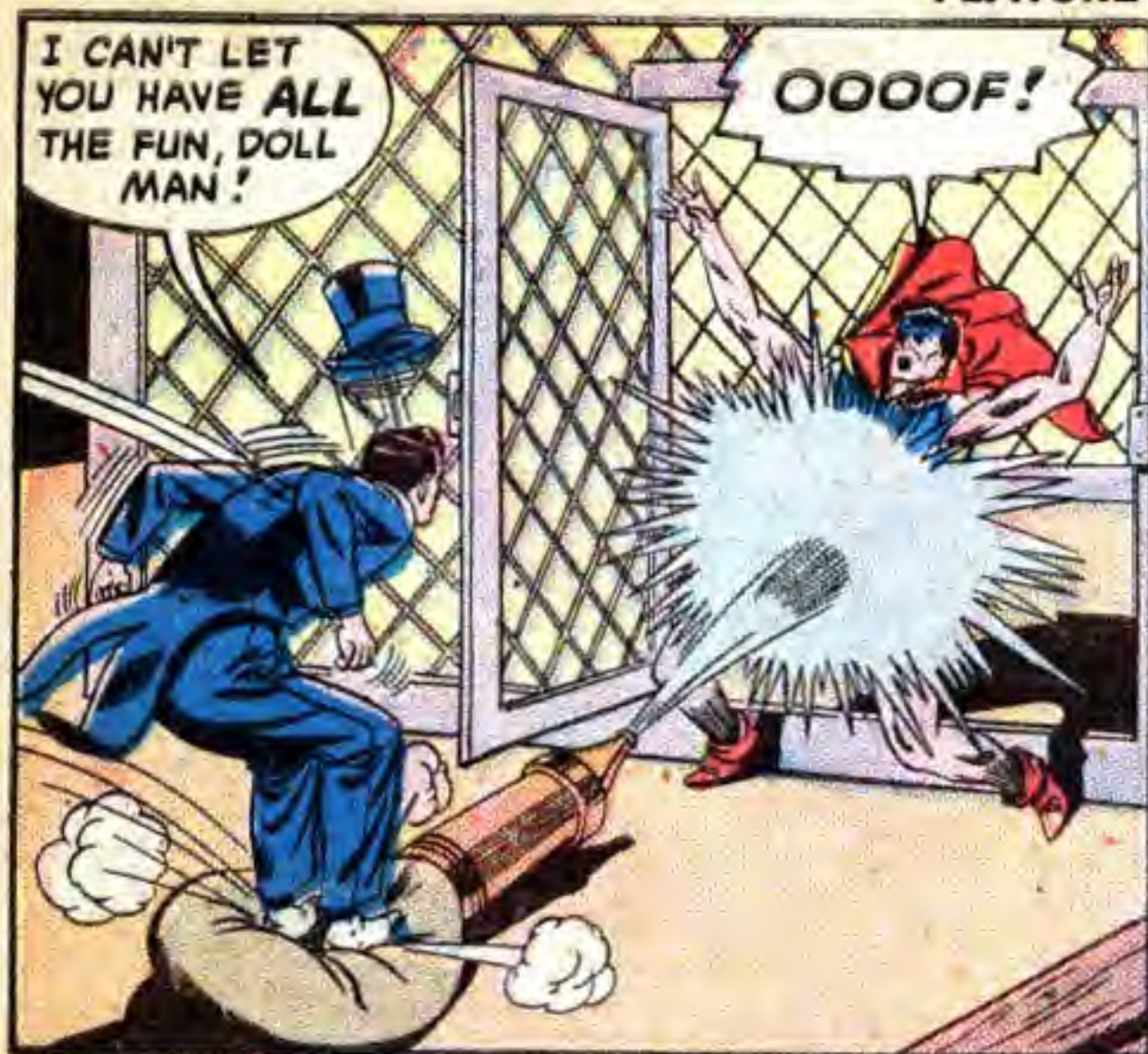


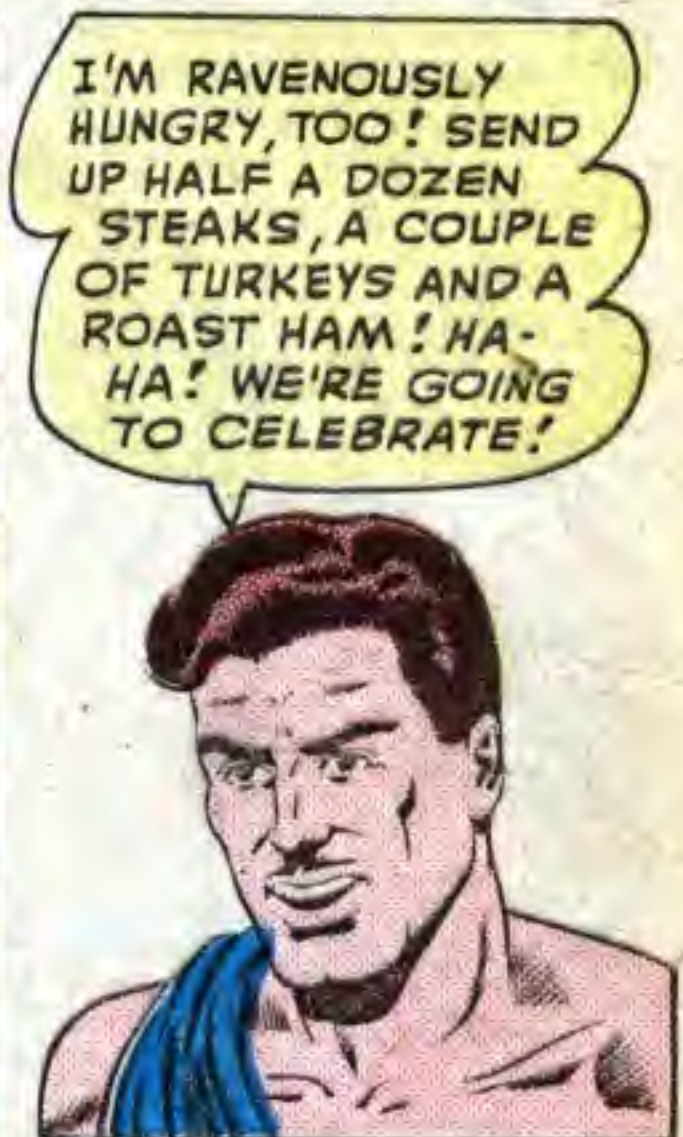
NO...NOT EXACTLY...THERE ARE SOME UNDESIRABLE EFFECTS! THE RABBIT HAS DEVELOPED A FANTASTIC APPETITE, AND MUST BE GIVEN HUGE QUANTITIES OF FOOD TO MAINTAIN HIS ABNORMAL SIZE!





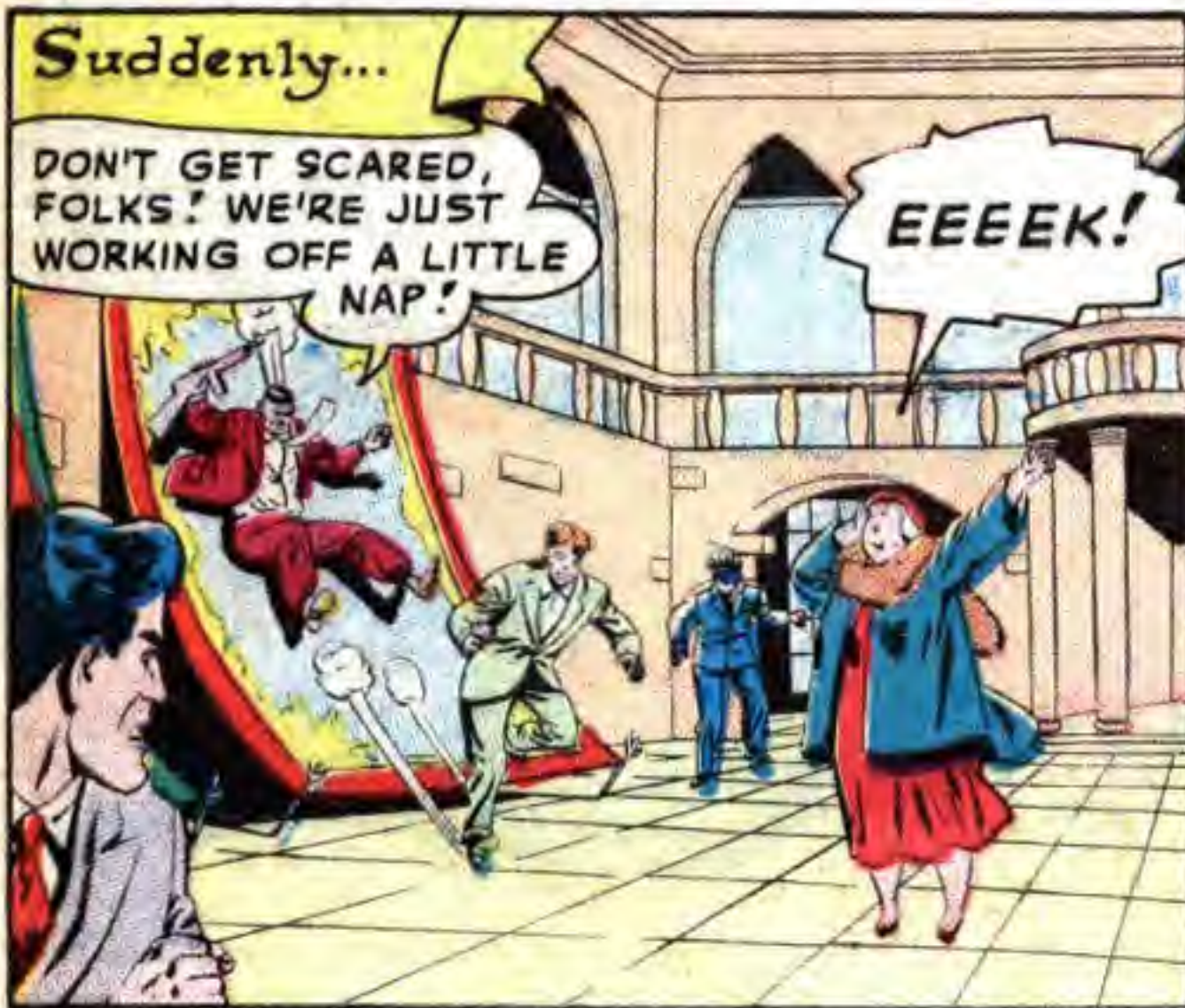






FEATURE COMICS

Later, at the rare tapestry exhibit in the municipal art museum...



FEATURE COMICS

Abruptly, aid comes from an unexpected quarter...

YOU RUFFIAN! I'LL TEACH YOU A BADLY NEEDED LESSON!



CAN I BE OF ANY FURTHER SERVICE?

YOU TOOK A TERRIBLE RISK! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED!



HMM! MARTHA SEEMS TO BE IN GOOD HANDS! I CAN CHANGE TO THE DOLL MAN WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING ME!



NOW TO START PAYING BACK A FEW SCORES!



INTERESTED IN RARE TAPESTRIES? LET ME SHOW YOU THIS DESIGN!



SEE? IT KEEPS YOU AS SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG!

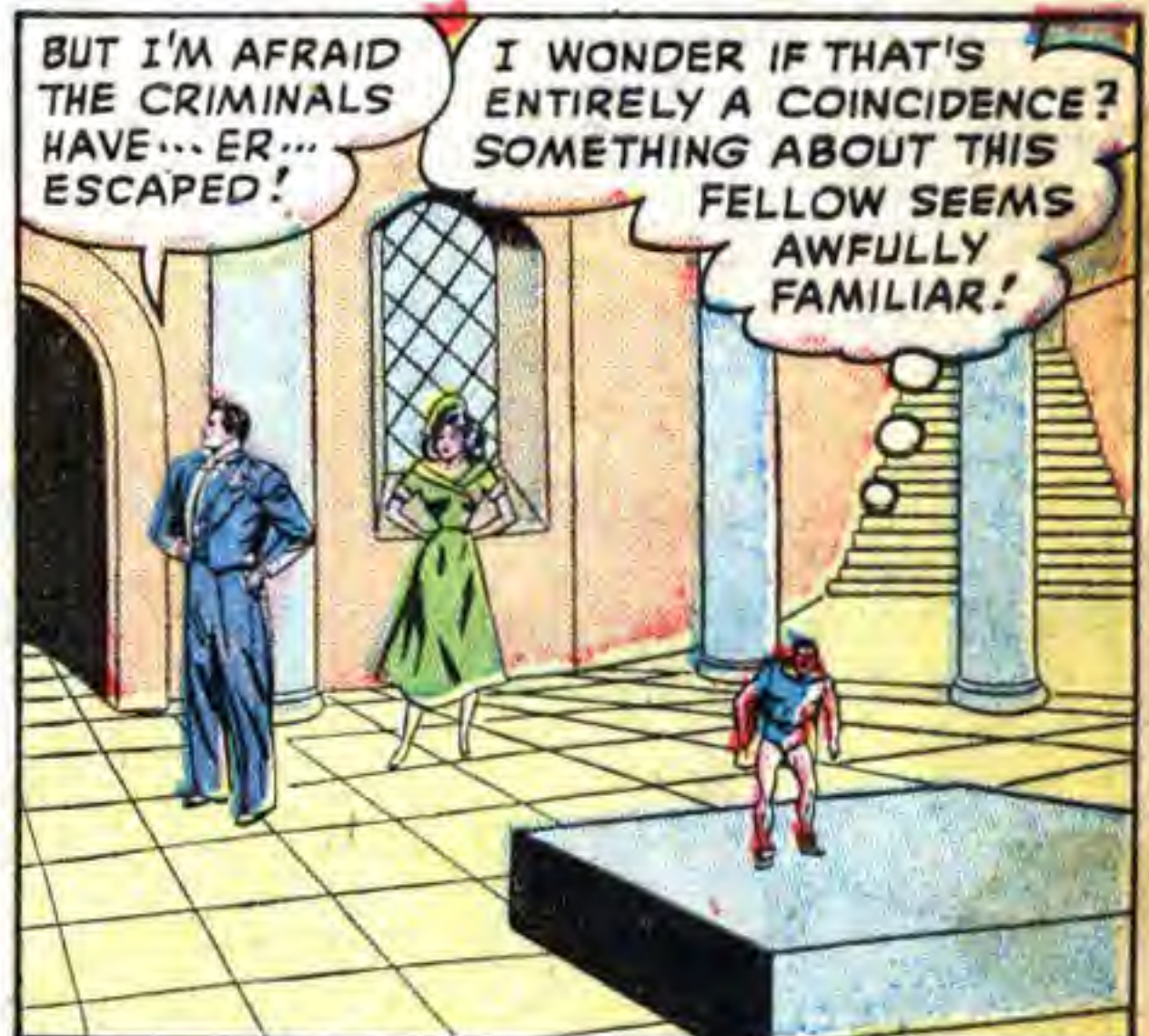
HALP! LEMME OUTTA HERE!



THERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE GADGET!

SOCK!





And it isn't long before Darrel Dane gets angry...

I'M YOUR FIANCE! YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH ME TONIGHT... TO THE PONTOON CLUB!

OF COURSE, DARREL! I'VE ONLY BEEN GOING OUT WITH HIM BECAUSE... WELL, HE DID PRACTICALLY SAVE MY LIFE!



BUT I'M GLAD YOU MADE ME CALL AND BREAK MY DATE WITH HIM! I ALWAYS DID LIKE MASTERFUL MEN!



A mile from shore, dazzling lights mark the anchorage of a glamorous floating night club... THE PONTOON CLUB...

THIS PLACE IS RIPE FOR THE TAKING! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!

Pontoon Club



AND I'LL PUT A BULLET INTO MY RIVAL, DARREL DANE! MARTHA TOLD ME SHE WOULD BE HERE WITH HIM TONIGHT!



LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL! THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT PAUSE IN THE MERRYMAKING!

OH HH!

I RECOGNIZE HIM, DESPITE HIS MASK! AND NOW I KNOW WHERE I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE!



In the confusion, Darrel slips away unobserved...

THERE CAN'T BE ANY MISTAKE! HE'S TOM THUMB! AND THAT CALLS FOR...



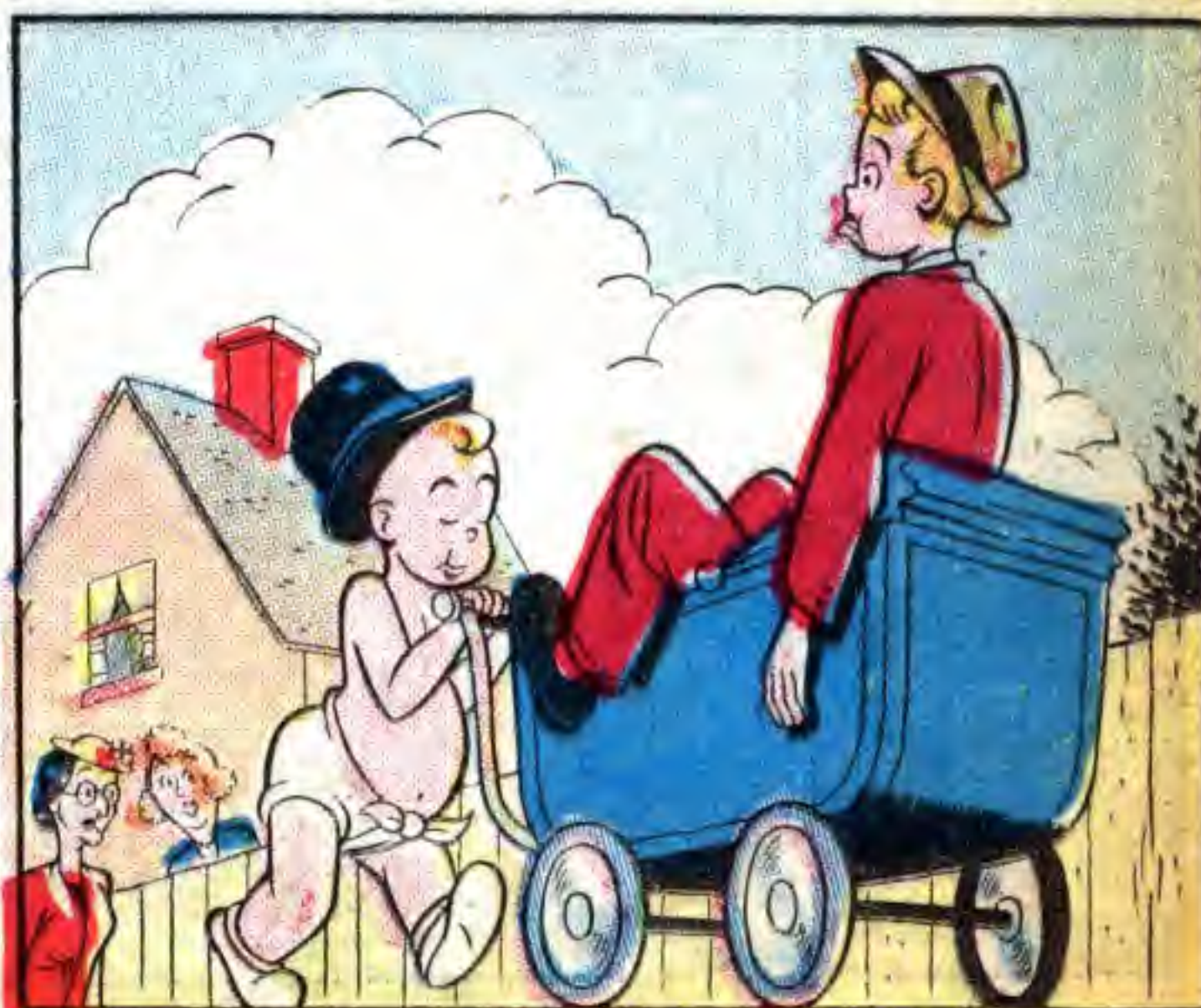
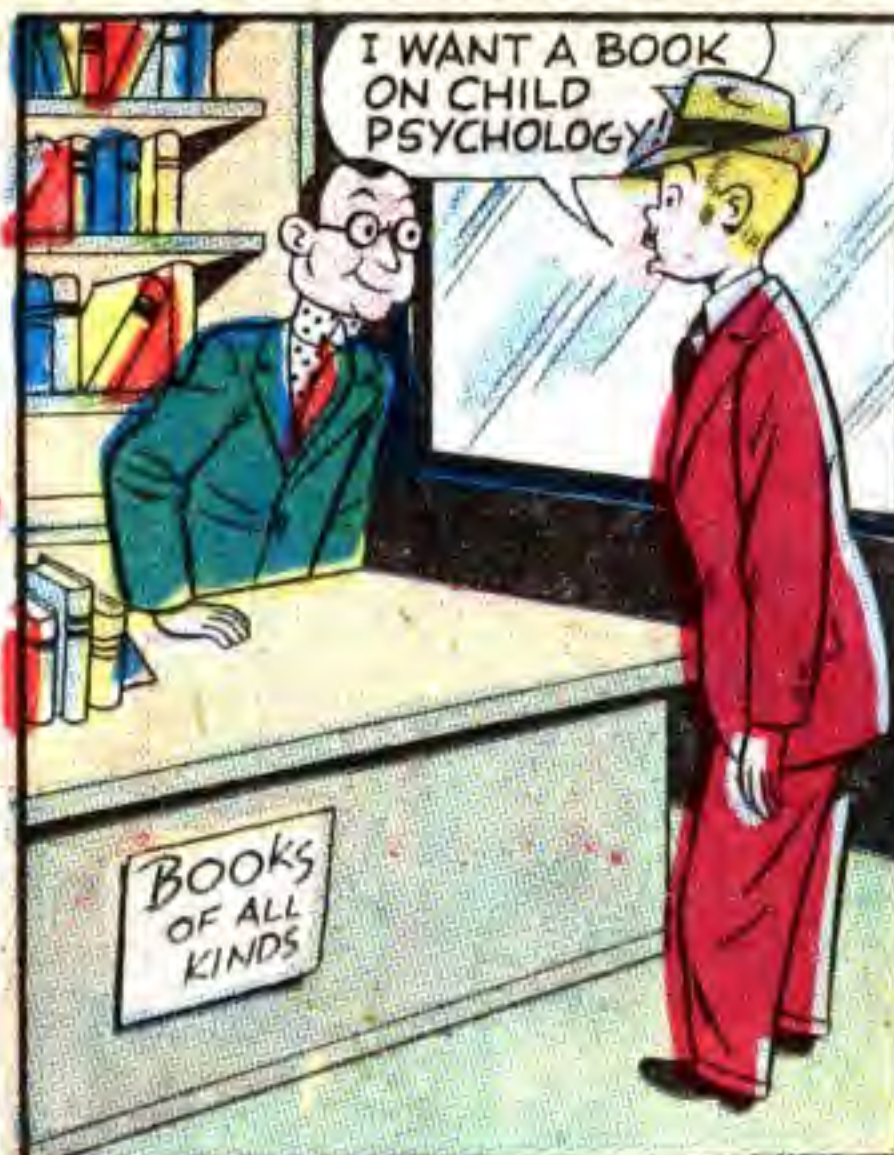


BIG TOP



POISON IVY

POISON'S FATHER HAS DECIDED TO TAKE POISON IN HAND AND GET HIM TO LEAD A MORE NORMAL HOME LIFE..



BLIMPY

MIKE'S
RESTAURANT
LOW PRICES



JOE'S
RESTAURANT
LOWER PRICES

HMMM!

MIKE'S

JOE'S

DON'T EAT
THERE →
← EAT HERE

DON'T EAT
← THERE
→ EAT HERE



I SAW
HIM FIRST!

MIKE'S
RESTAURANT
LOW PRICES

JOE'S
RESTAURANT
LOWER PRICES

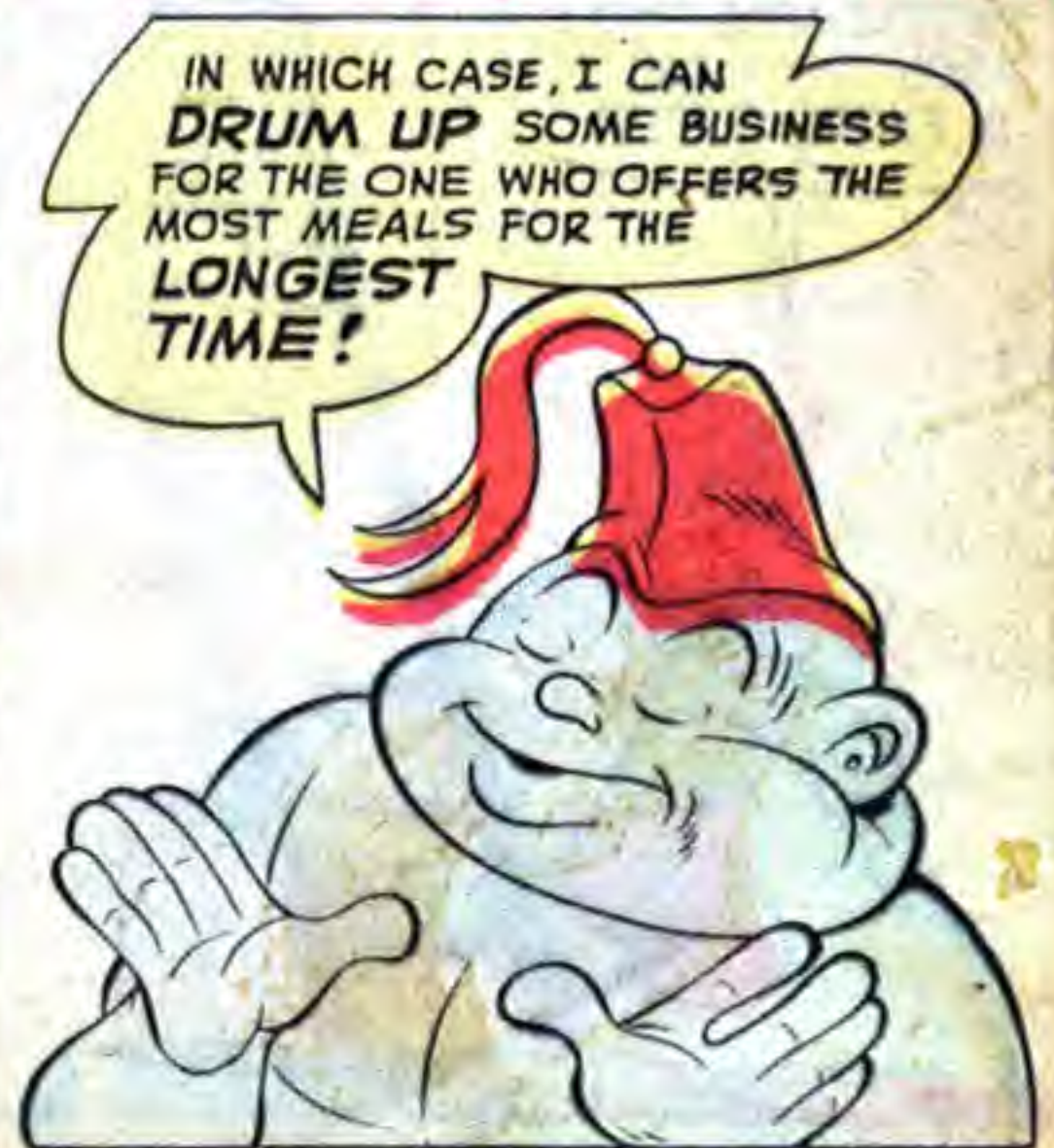
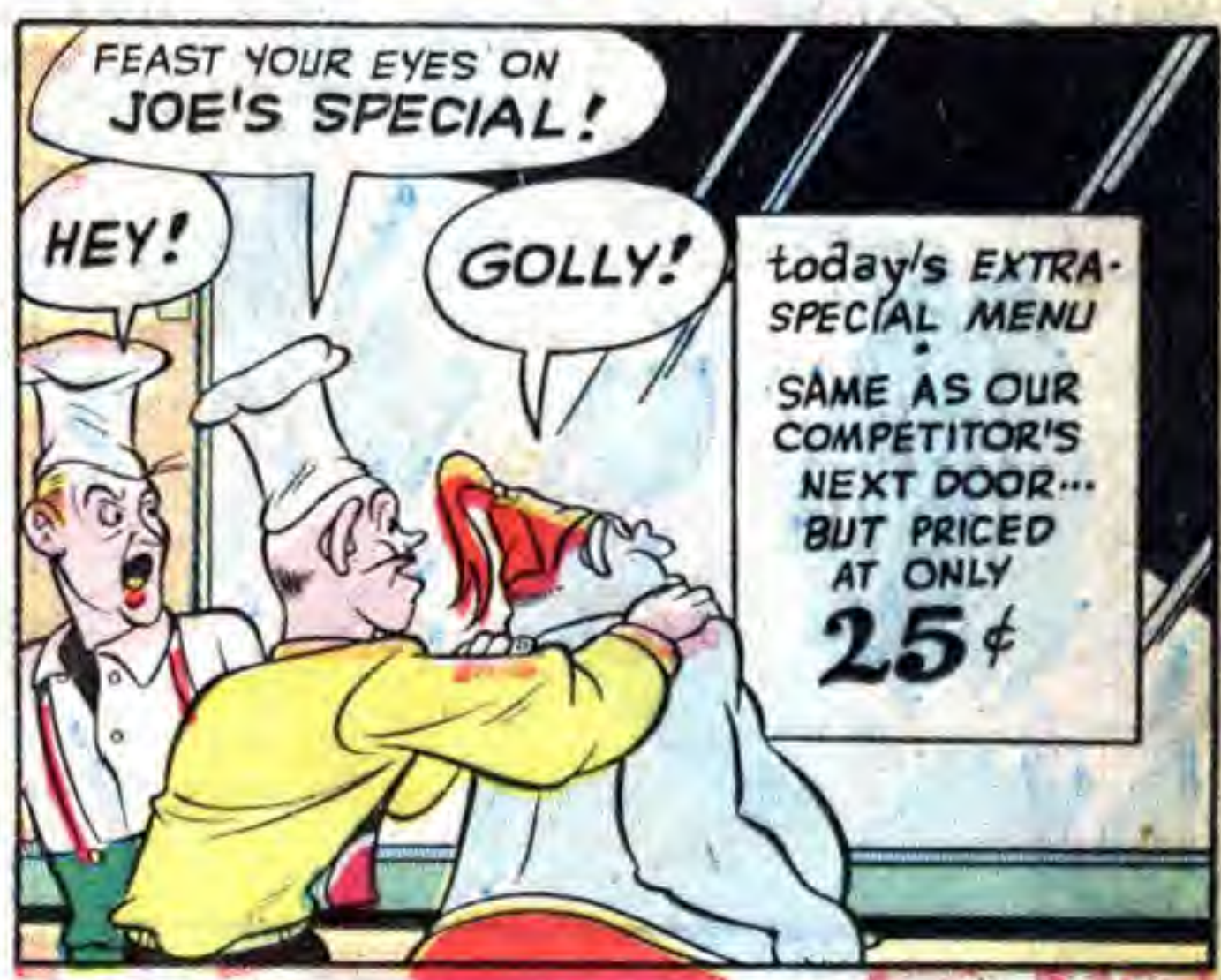
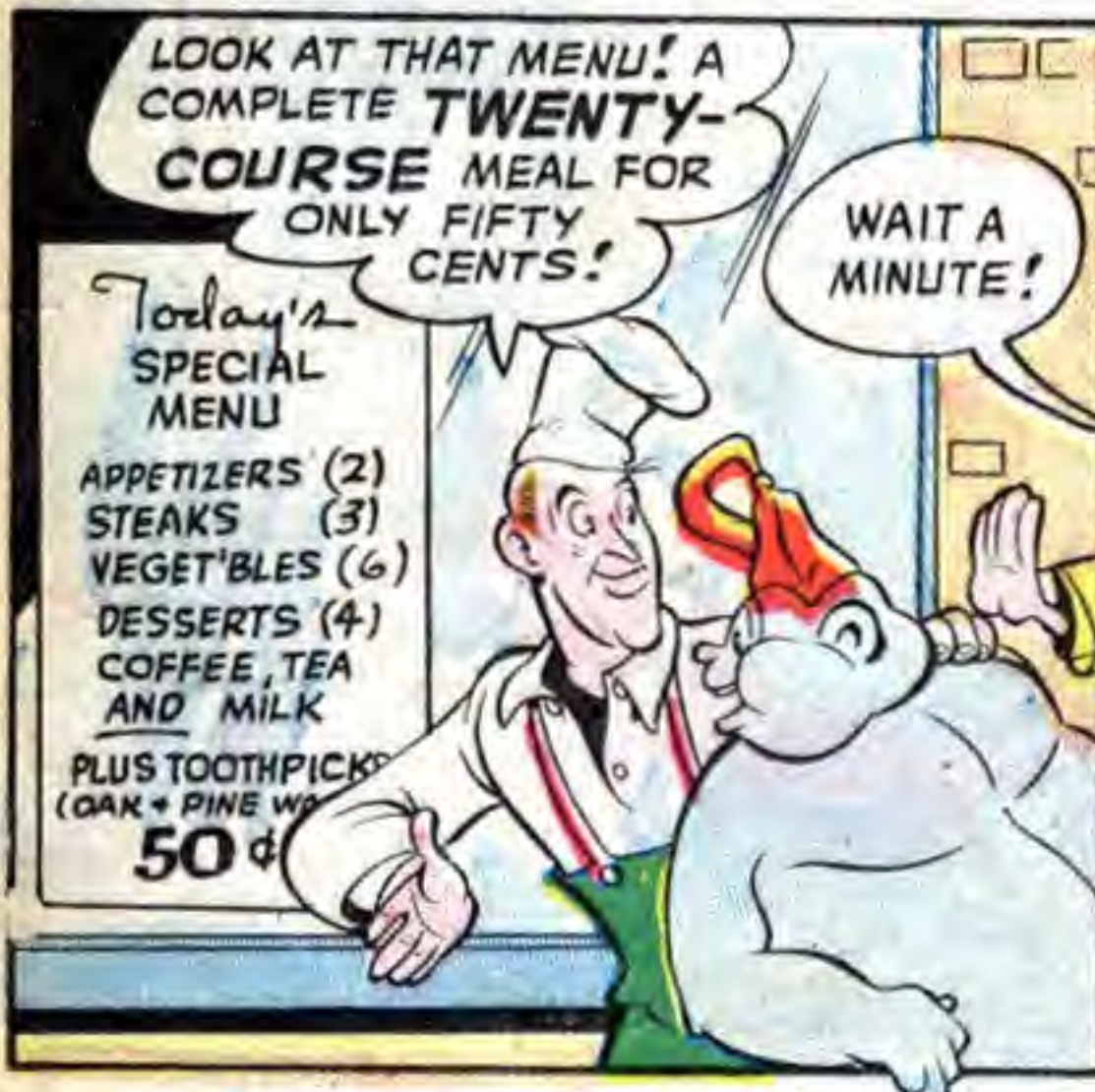
BUT I
ROPED
HIM FIRST!

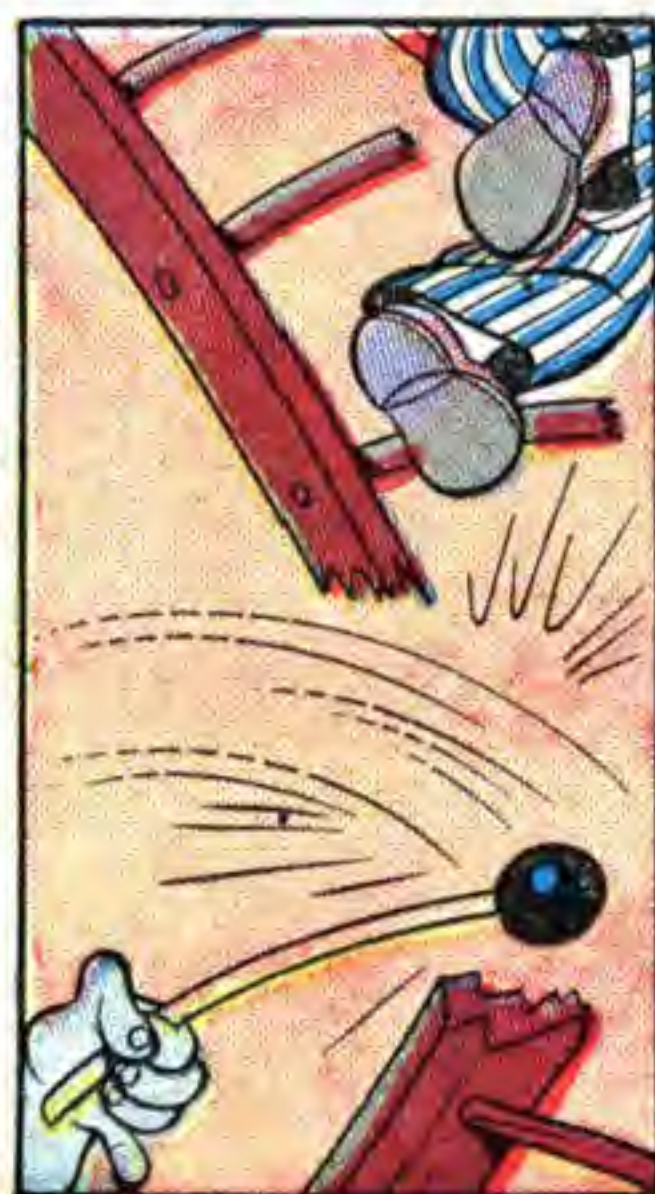
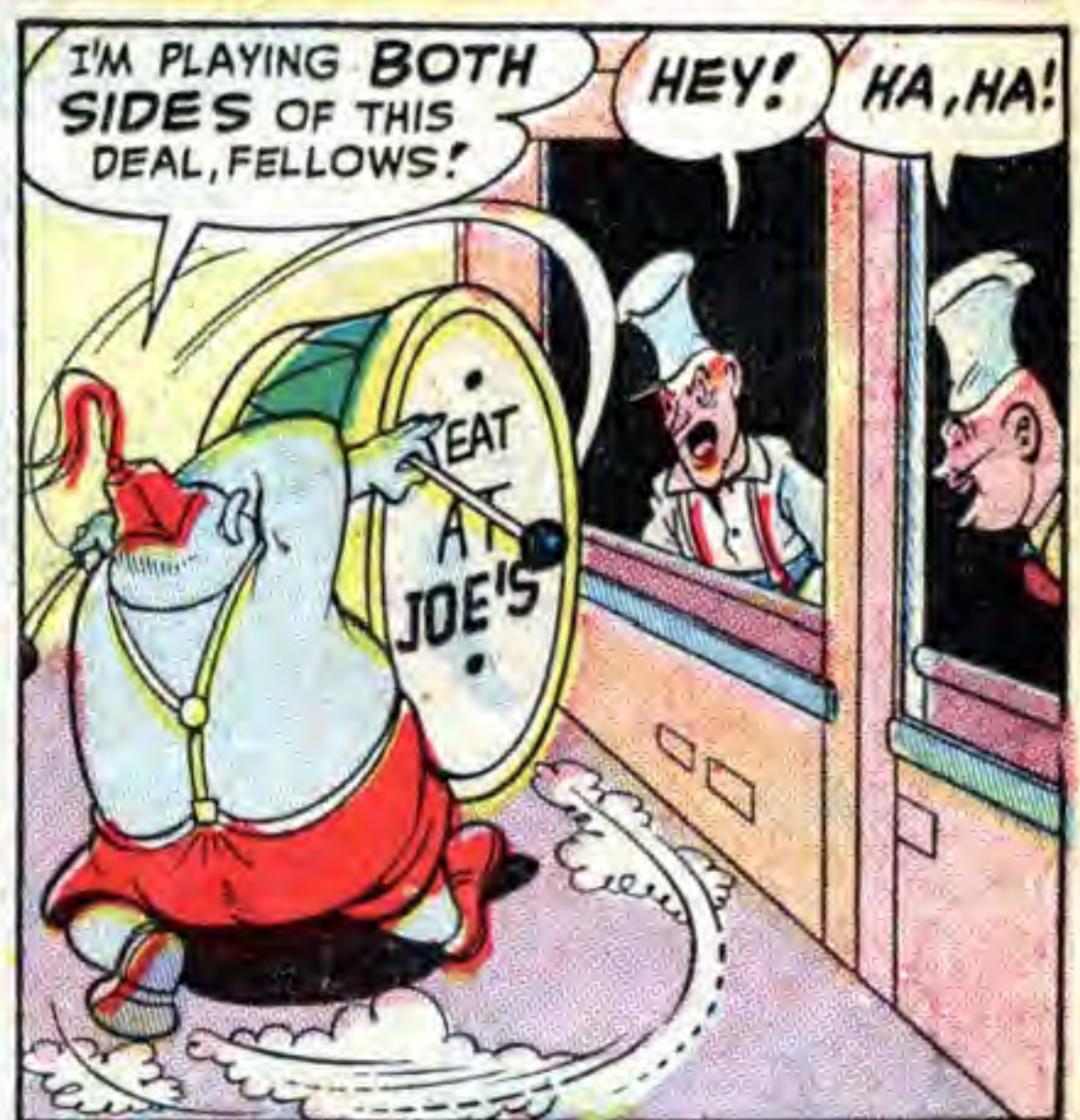
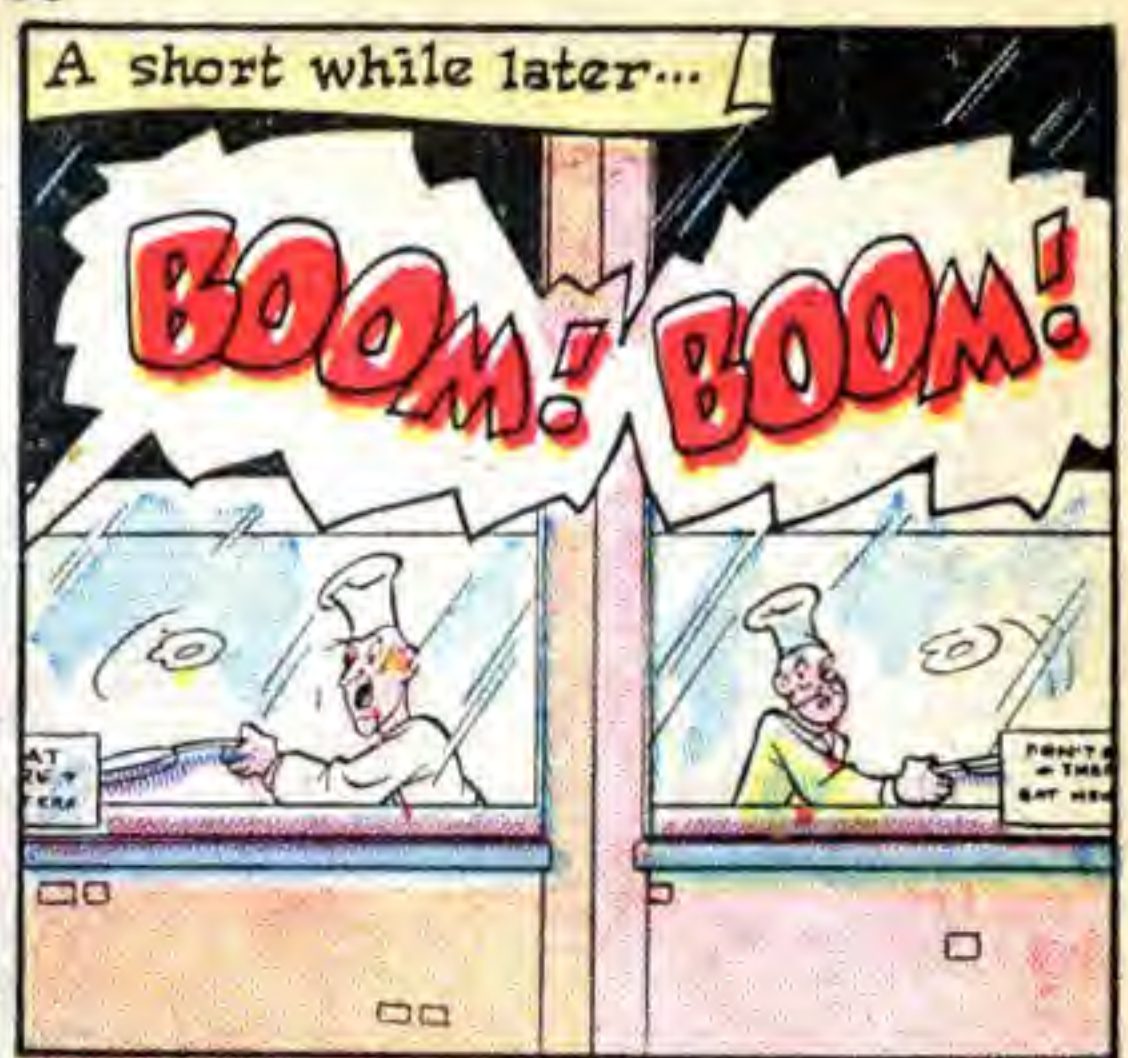


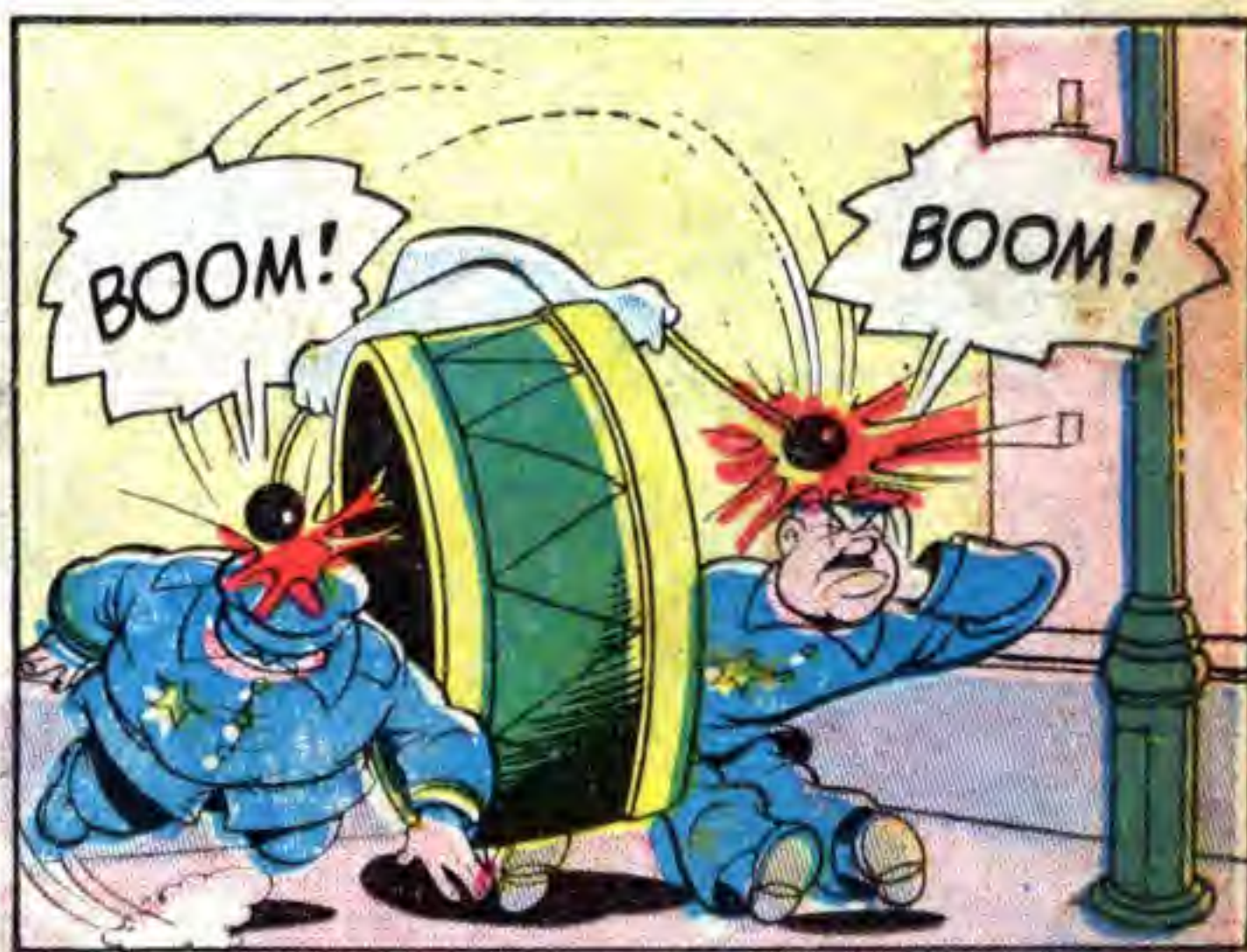
MIKE'S

JOE'S

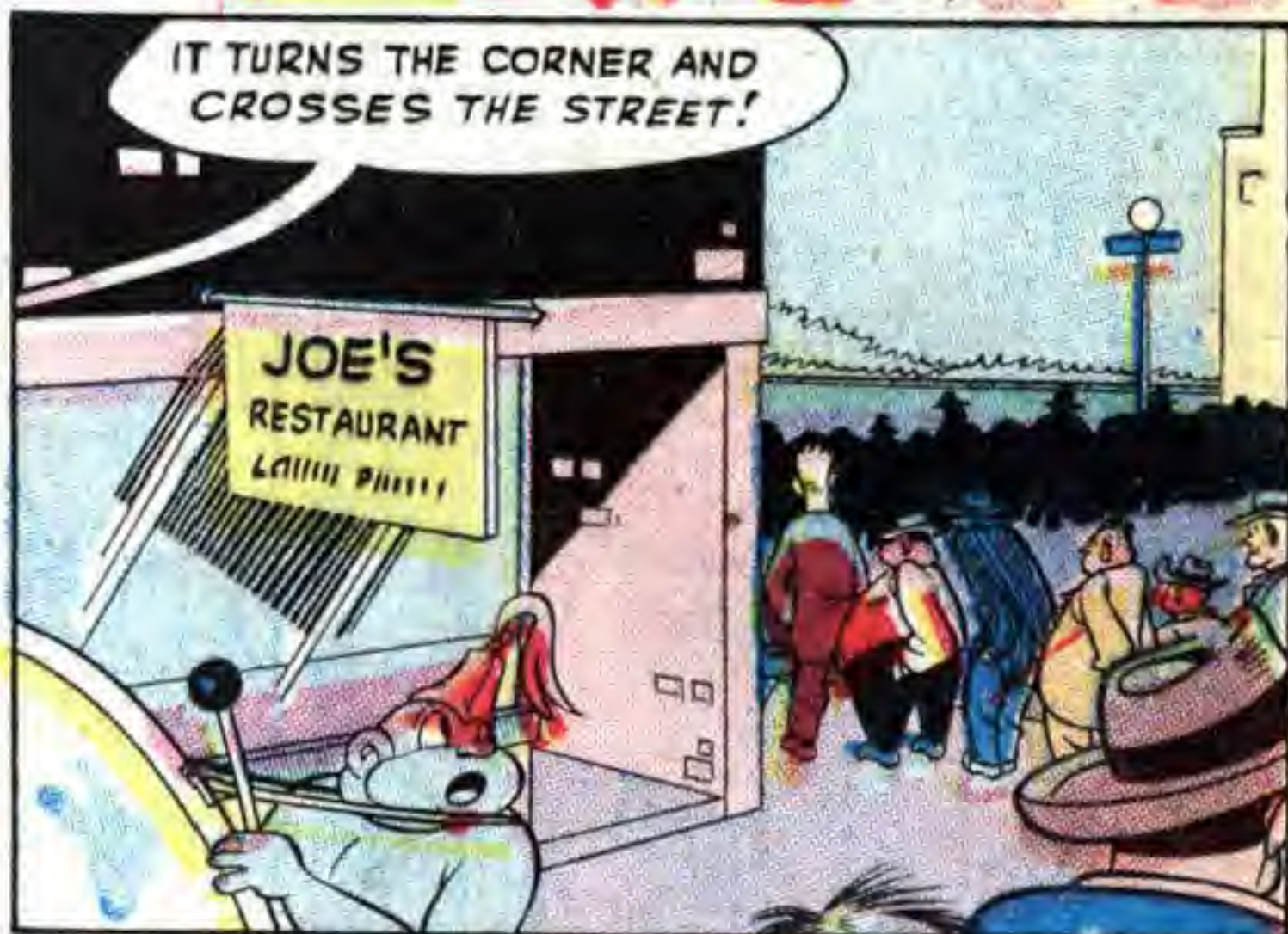
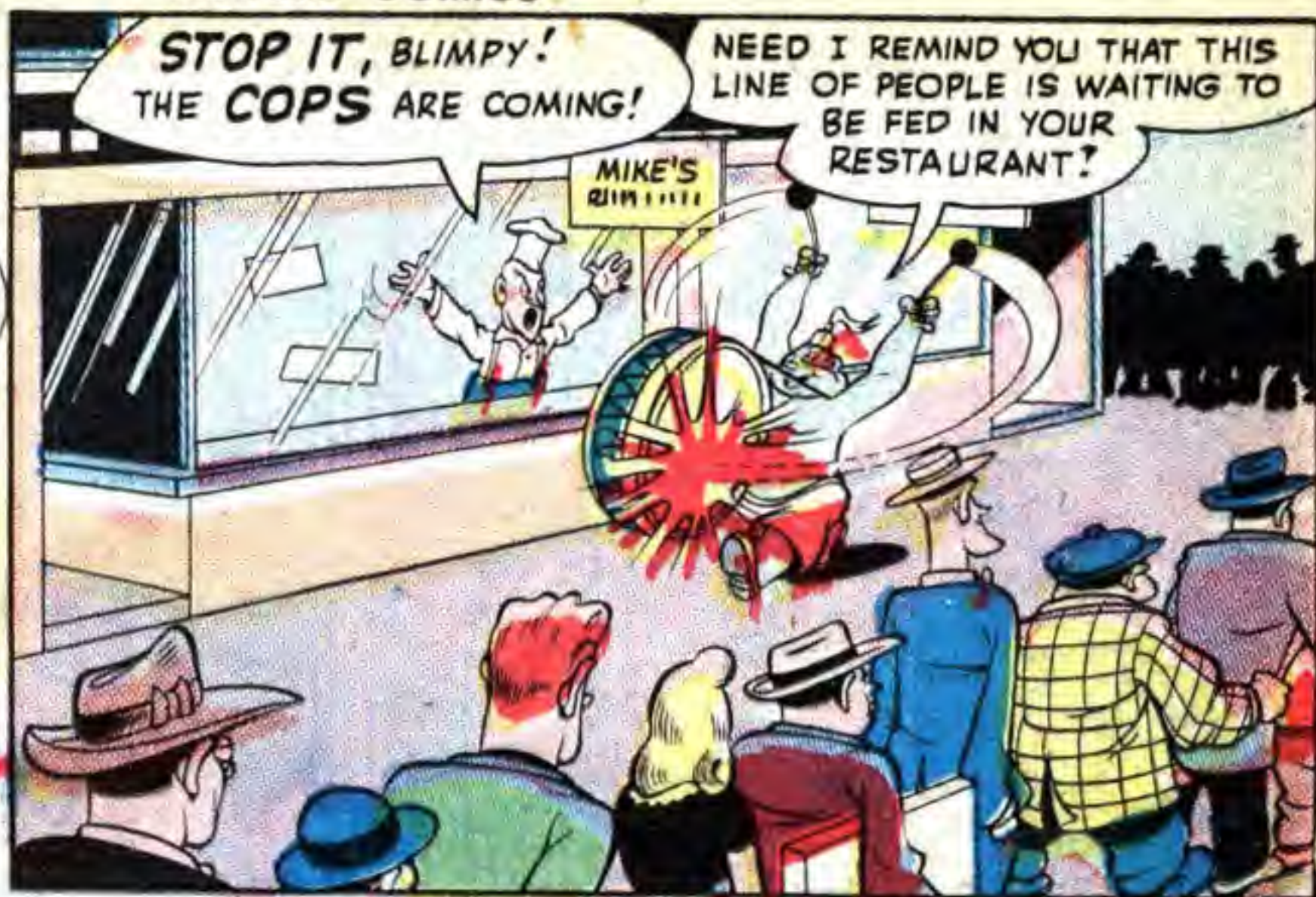


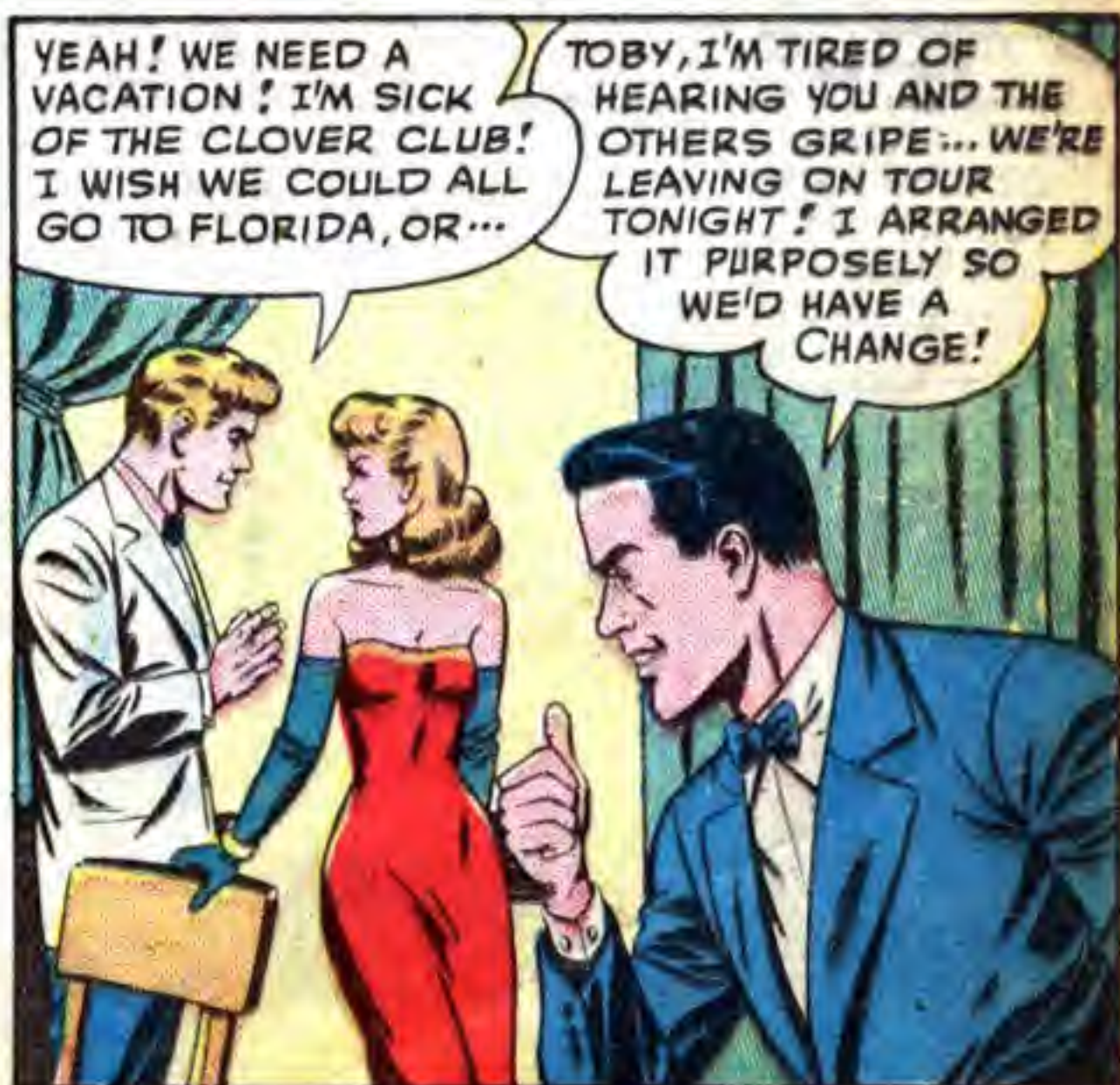






FEATURE COMICS

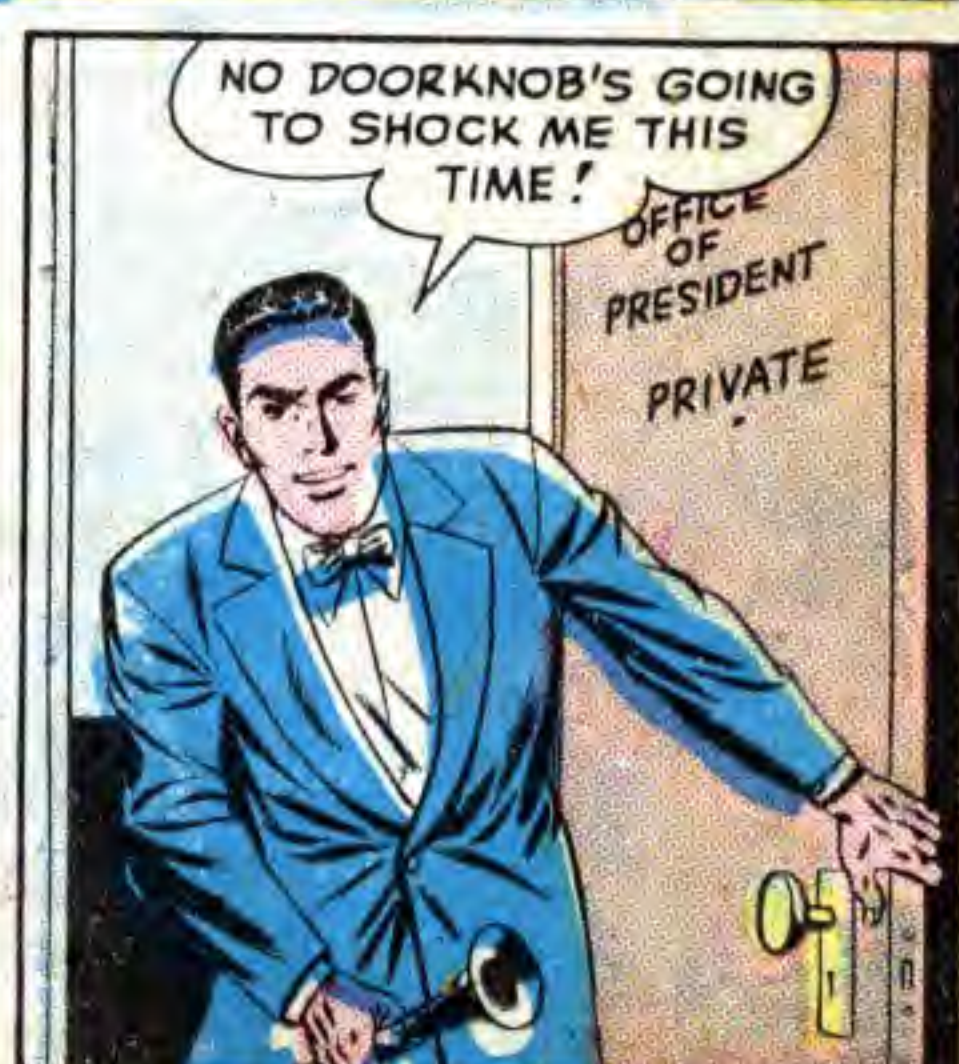








FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



WHA...? HE'S GONE!
MUST HAVE HEARD
THE NOISE! IF I CAN
ONLY CATCH HIM
IN TIME!



A PRETTY
NEAT CAMPUS,
DUKE! BUT YOU
WON'T FINISH
EDUCATING
PEOPLE
HERE!

HA! HA! RIGHT,
SISSON! YOU
WON'T CATCH
ME THIS TIME!



NO? WELL, TRY TO STEER
CLEAR OF ME AFTER THIS
CLARINET JAMS YOUR
RUDDER!



THEY'RE TRUSSSED UP
LIKE THANKSGIVING
TURKEYS INSIDE, SWING!
BUT... WHAT'S
HAPPENING
HERE?

I'VE JUST NABBED DUKE
GRIMEGROSS, ALIAS
PRESIDENT GRIMES, TOBY!
HE USED SOME PEROXIDE
AND PLASTIC SURGERY TO
KEEP US FROM RECOGNIZING HIM!
BETTER CALL THE
COPS!



WHAT HAPPENED HERE...
A STUDENT
DEMONSTRATION?

NO, OFFICER...
JUST A LITTLE
JUNIOR PROM!
BETTER ASK
SWING... HE
WAS MASTER
OF CEREMONIES!



THIS WAS HEADQUARTERS FOR
DUKE GRIMEGROSS AND HIS MOB,
OFFICER! HE FOOLED PEOPLE
BY DISGUIISING IT AS A
SCHOOL!



SO MUCH FOR
A SHORT COURSE
AT CUTHBERT
COLLEGE!

CUTTHROAT COLLEGE IS A
BETTER NAME FOR IT, TOBY!
ARE YOU STILL BORED
AFTER A BRUSH
WITH HIGHER
EDUCATION?

LALA PALOOZA

YEP, I'VE JUST BOUGHT A HALF INTEREST IN A FUTURE HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION!

ISN'T YOUR IMAGINATION A LITTLE **DIZZIER** THAN USUAL TODAY?

NO, MA'AM! FOR ONLY \$2000 I BOUGHT A HALF-SHARE IN ALL FUTURE EARNINGS OF A MAN WHO'LL MAKE **MILLIONS** SOME DAY!

AND WHERE DID YOU GET THE \$2,000?



OH, I ONLY PAID **SIX BUCKS** DOWN, BUT AS SOON AS I PAY OFF THE REST AT TWO BUCKS A MONTH, I START COLLECTING ON MY INVESTMENT!



DUMP IT RIGHT IN MY CELLAR, BOYS



NOT BAD, EH, LALA?

NO, EXCEPT...

BY THE TIME YOU'VE PAID OFF THE \$2,000 AT \$2.00 A MONTH, YOUR FIGHTER WILL BE ABOUT **100 YEARS OLD!**



HEY, WHERE'S **GYPPO**, THE FIGHT MANAGER? HE OWES ME SIX BUCKS!



OVER DERE WID HIS CHAMP!

LALA PALOOZA

THE SALES
MANAGER
SAID TO
FIRST
IMPRESS
ON EACH CUSTOMER THAT I'M
**NOT SELLING ANYTHING...I'M
PRACTICALLY GIVING
IT AWAY!**



ER...I'M NOT SELLING
ANYTHING...I'M GIVING
IT AWAY!

GOOD!
COME IN!



DUMP IT
RIGHT
HERE...
THANKS!



AND YOU PROBABLY GOT SOME
ODDS AN' ENDS IN YOUR POCKETS
YOU WANNA GIVE AWAY, TOO?



AND THIS SUIT OF
CLOTHES MY BROTHER
CAN USE...HE'S JUST
YOUR BUILD, BUD?

BUT...
BUT...
BUT...



HEY, LOOK HERE, OFFICER, I'M A
SALESMAN... AND...

THEN SHOW ME
YOUR VENDOR'S
LICENSE OR I'LL
RUN YOU IN!

RAP!
RAP!



TRYING TO BREAK INTO A
HOUSE, NO VISIBLE MEANS
OF SUPPORT, RESISTING
AN OFFICER AND PEDDLING
WITHOUT A LICENSE?

BESIDES INVADING OUR
FAIR VILLAGE IN HIS
UNDERWEAR... WELL
FIX HIM!

COULD I
PLEASE CALL
MY SISTER?



WELL, BROTHER
DEAR! HOW DO
YOU EXPLAIN
THIS?

ONLY, LALA, THAT SOME
OF US ARE BORN
SALESMEN AND
SOME... AIN'T!



Rusty RYAN



I'VE GOT TO
CLEAR OUR PAPERS
WITH THE PORT
AUTHORITIES!
KEEP A SHARP EYE
ON THE SHIP! THESE
DOCK LOAFERS'LL
STEAL ANYTHING
THAT'S NOT
NAILED DOWN!

FEAR
NOT, RUSTY!
I HAVE EYES
LIKE A HAWK!

HEH-HEH!
AN' A APPETITE
LIKE A
VULTURE!

Rusty Ryan's ship,
The Wanderer, drops anchor
in Samanthia, a gateway to the smouldering Balkans...



THE YELLOW-HAIRED
ONE LEAVES HIS
SHIP! HURRY!
CARRY THE
TIDINGS TO
THE MASTER!

AYE! WHEN
THE EAGLE
LEAVES ITS
NEST, 'TIS
TIME FOR THE
RAVEN TO
LOOT IT!



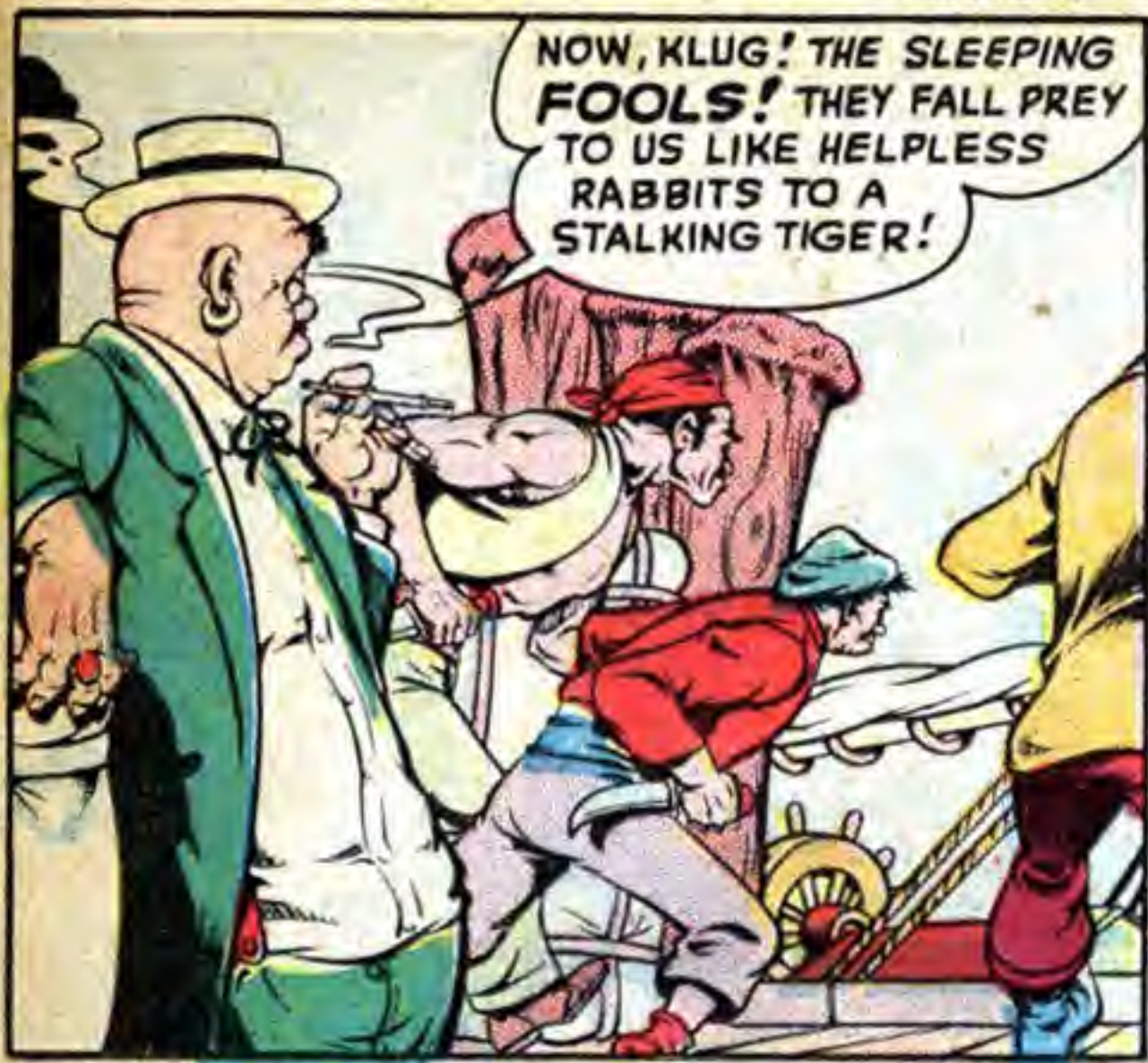
BY ALLAH!
METHINKS
I'LL TAKE
A NAP,
PIERPONT!

YO' BETTER NOT!
YO' DONE HEAR
WHUT MISTAH
RUSTY SAID
ABOUT WATCHIN'
FO' THIEVES!



RUSTY NEED
FEAR NOTHING!
I WILL GUARD
THE VESSEL WITH
MY... YAWN...
LIFE...ZZZ...

GUESS MAYBE
DEY WOULDN'
SNOOP 'ROUN'
WITH US ON
DECK, ALABABA!
AH'M SHO'
TIRED!
HO HUM...



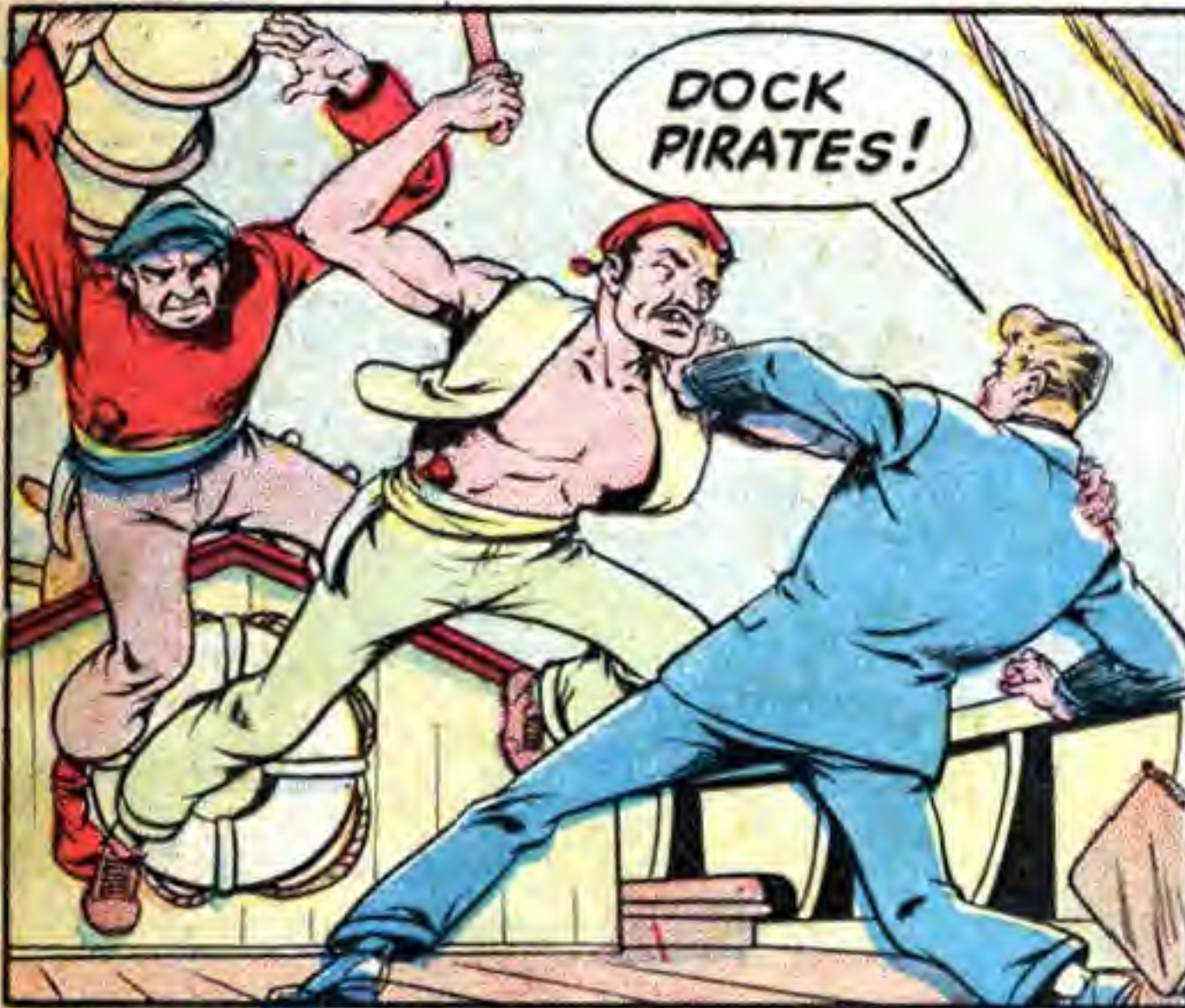
NOW, KLUG! THE SLEEPING FOOLS! THEY FALL PREY TO US LIKE HELPLESS RABBITS TO A STALKING TIGER!

Later, Rusty returns to the schooner...



PIERPONT, ALABAMA, WHERE ARE YOU? HMM! I'LL BET THE RASCALS ARE SLEEPING!

HAW, GET ME THE YELLOW-HAIRED ONE...ALIVE!



DOCK PIRATES!



YOU HARBOR SCUM! LAY YOUR FILTHY PAWS ON MY SHIP, WILL YOU!

SO, MY FRIEND! SOON YOU WILL STOP YOUR STRUGGLES!



EXCELLENT, KLUG! THROW HIM IN WITH THE OTHERS! THE REST OF YOU CAN START LOADING ON THE GUNS!



WOE IS US! DEY GOT MISTAH RUSTY, TOO!

HOW'D THEY CATCH YOU TWO OFF GUARD?

MAY ALLAH FORGIVE ME! IT WAS THE FAULT OF THIS UNWORTHY PERSON!



BY THE SACRED COW, LOOK WHO IS HERE! IT IS BABU! THE POLICE OF SEVEN COUNTRIES ARE LOOKING FOR HIM!

AND SMUGGLING AGAIN, I'LL BET! WELL, BABU, IS IT NARCOTICS, ALIENS, OR...

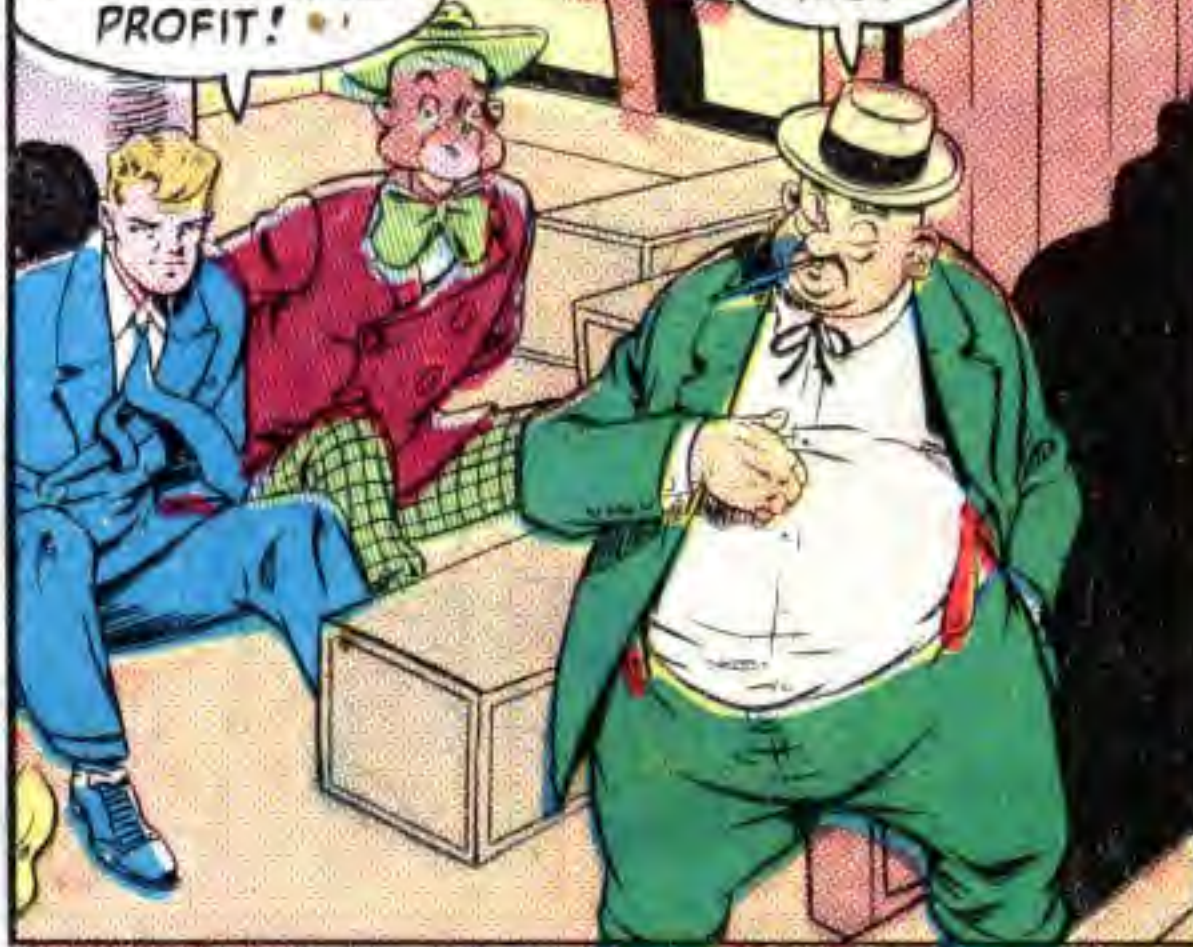
GUNS, CAPTAIN RYAN!

GUNS FOR MY MEN, WHO, POSING AS GUERILLAS, WILL RAID AND SLAY AMERICAN FORCES STATIONED IN CARPATHIA! WE WILL CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT THAT WILL INFLAME THE WORLD!



AND YOU, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS, WILL MAKE YOUR **USUAL** PROFIT!

EXACTLY! AND **YOUR** NAME, RYAN, AND **YOUR** SHIP WILL HELP ME!



HEH-HEH! DAT MAN SHO' IS CRAZY! HOW COME HE THINKS WE IS HELPIN' HIM, WHEN ANY FOOL KNOWS WE IS TIED UP?



YOU WOODENHEAD! THE WANDERER CAN RUN THE BRITISH BLOCKADE! NO WARSHIP WILL SUSPECT RUSTY'S SHIP!

CAN THE GAB, BOYS! LET'S USE OUR ENERGY IN RUBBING OUR ROPES ON THE ROUGH CORNERS OF THE GUN CASES! THAT SHOULD CUT 'EM!



Hours later, on a secluded part of the rugged Carpathian coast...

HO, MASTER! THE MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL!

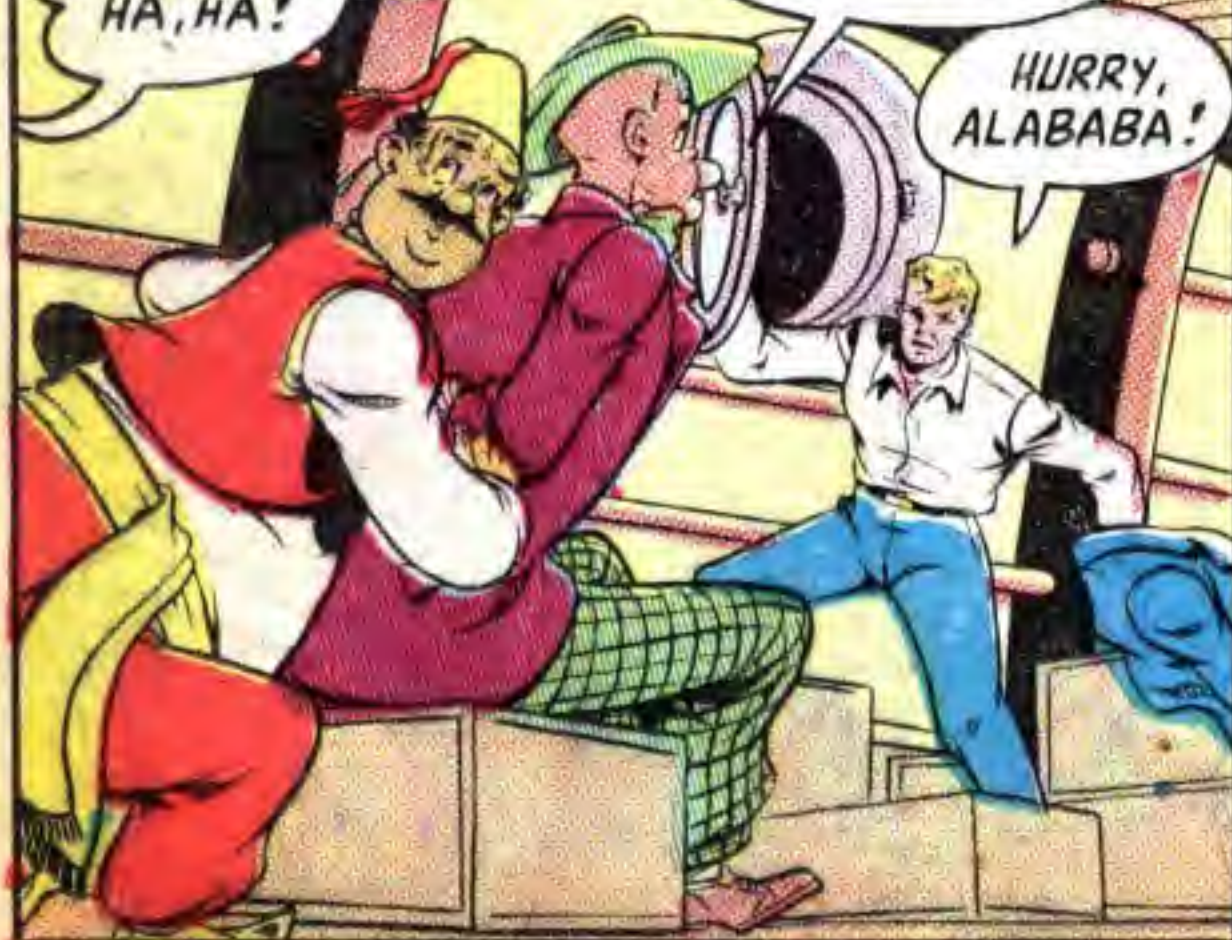
YES, CHITO! WE CARRY GUNS ENOUGH TO SLAY AN ARMY, AND BESIDES THAT, A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOUR BRAVE MEN!



THREE AMERICANS FOR THEM TO... SHALL WE SAY... **PLAY** WITH? HA, HA, HA!

AH SWEAR! THE TONE IN DAT MAN'S VOICE JUS' MAKES ME SH--SHAKE!

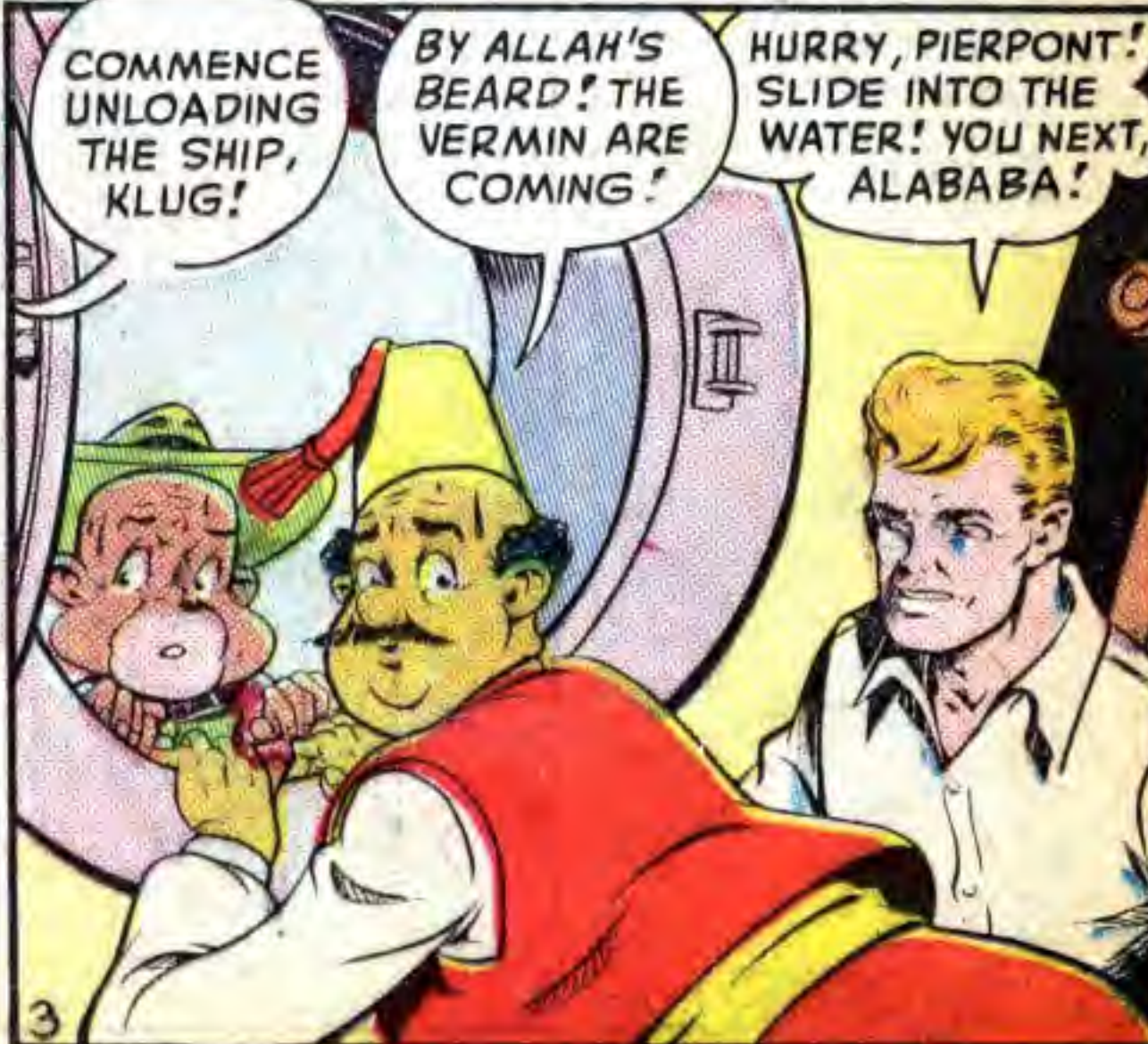
HURRY, ALABABA!



COMMENCE UNLOADING THE SHIP, KLUG!

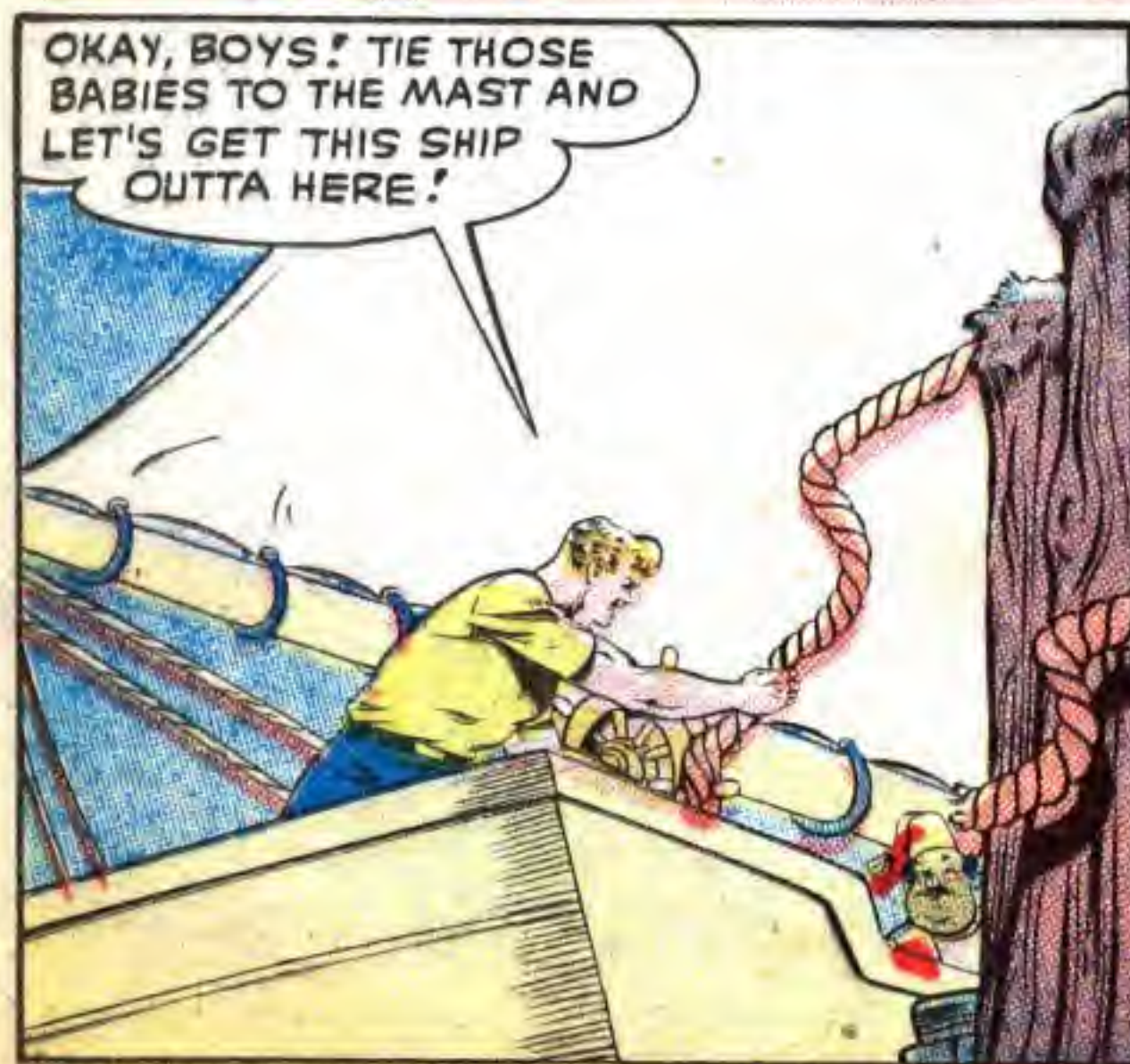
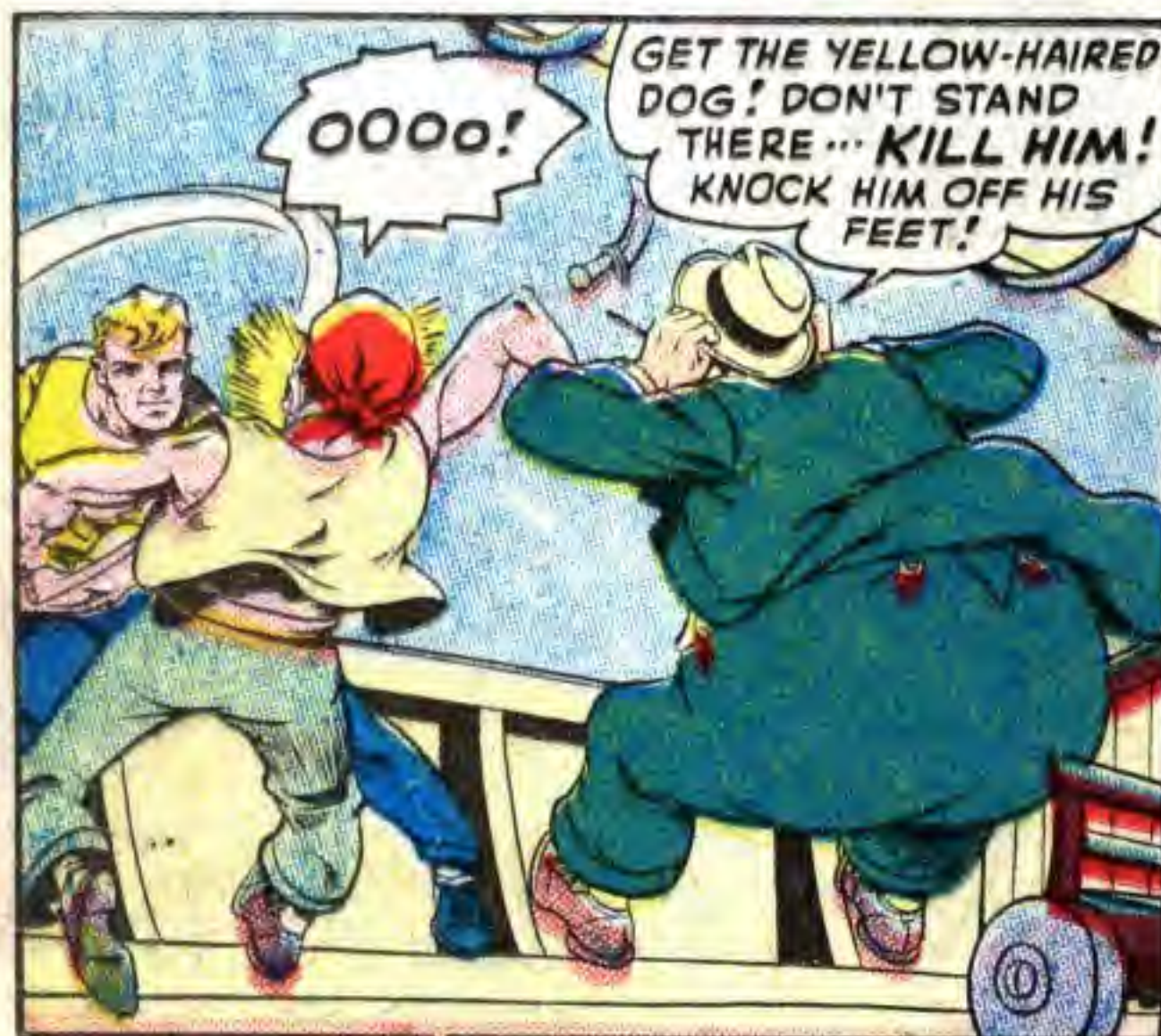
BY ALLAH'S BEARD! THE VERMIN ARE COMING!

HURRY, PIERPONT! SLIDE INTO THE WATER! YOU NEXT, ALABABA!



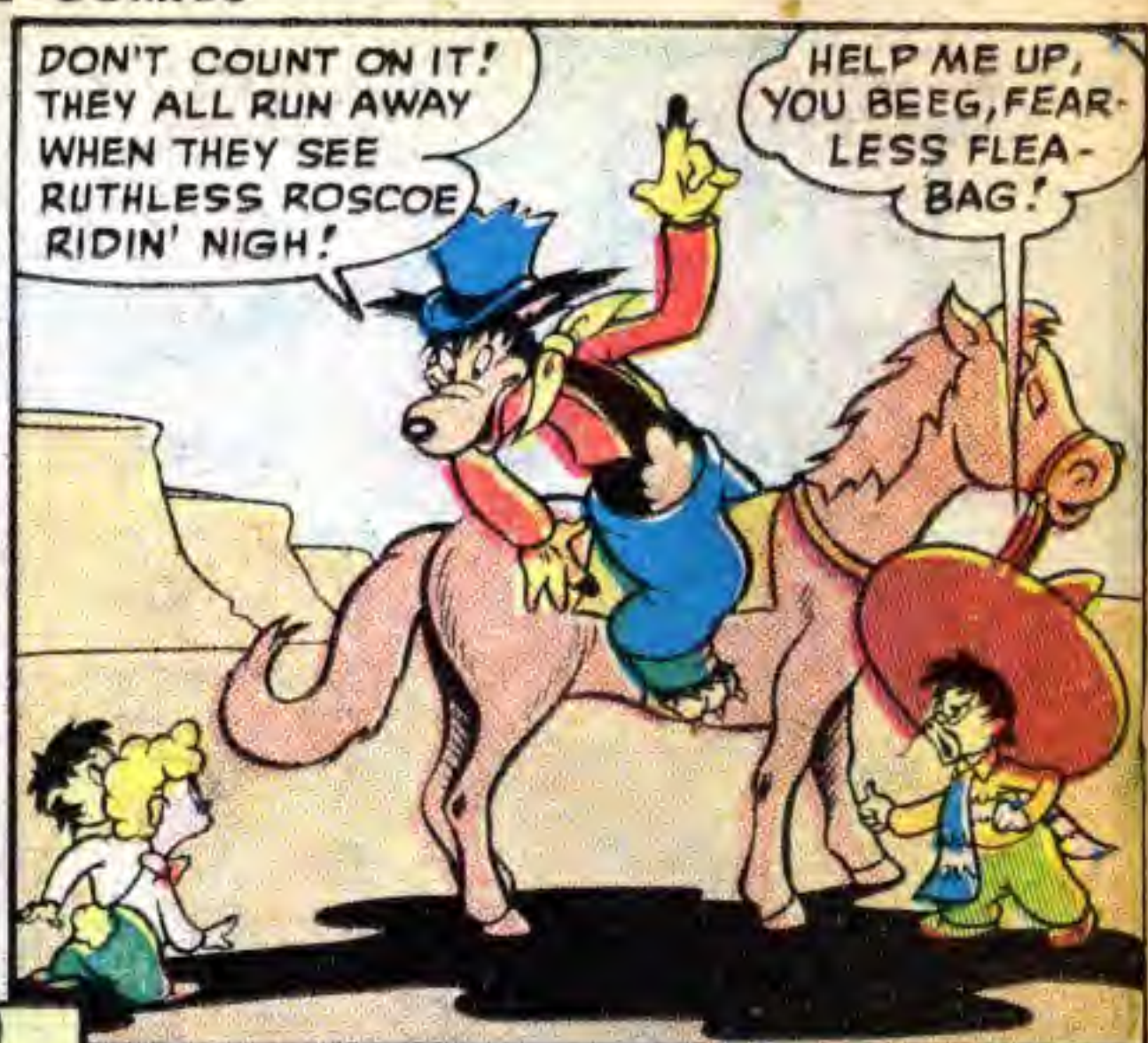
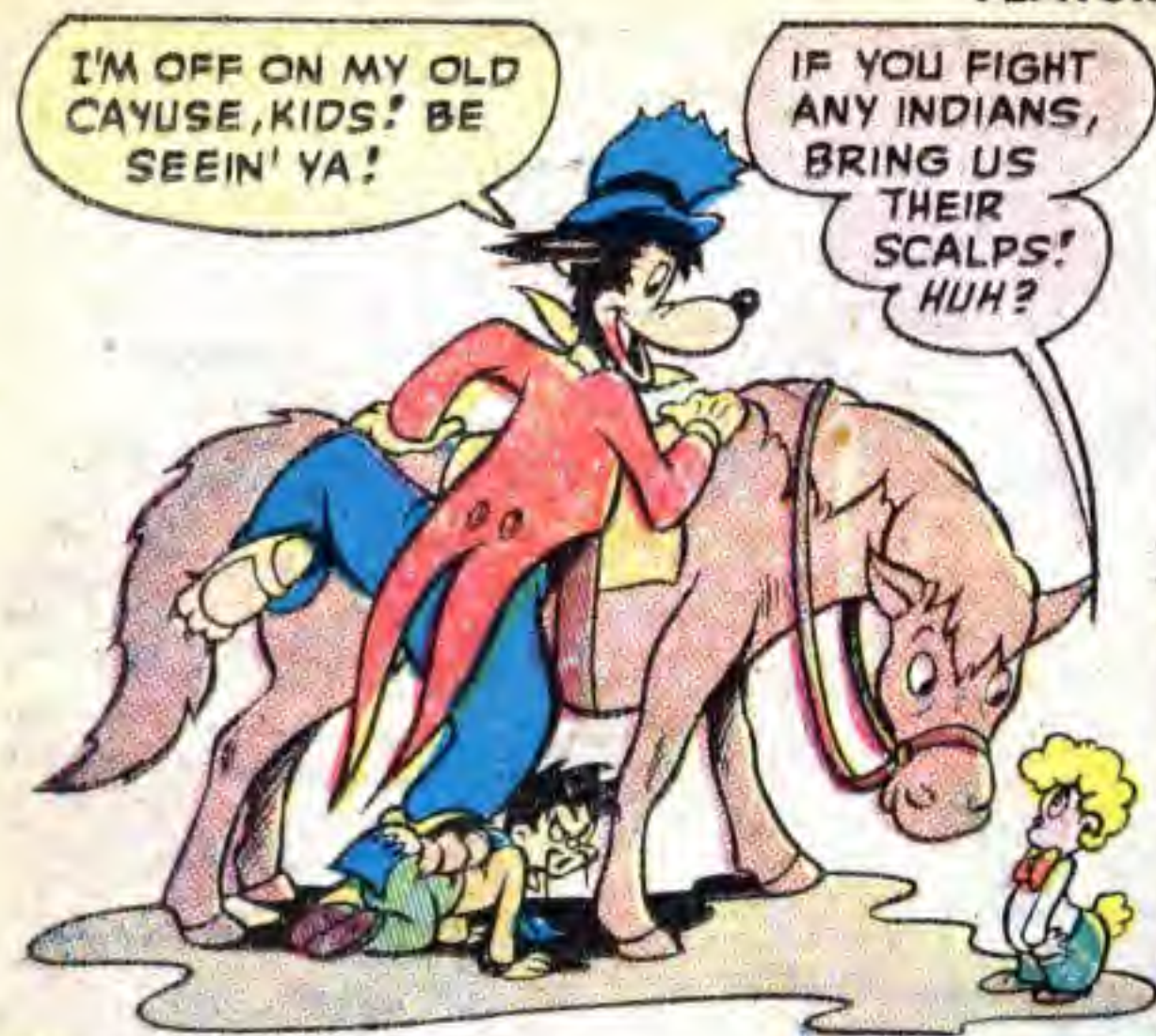


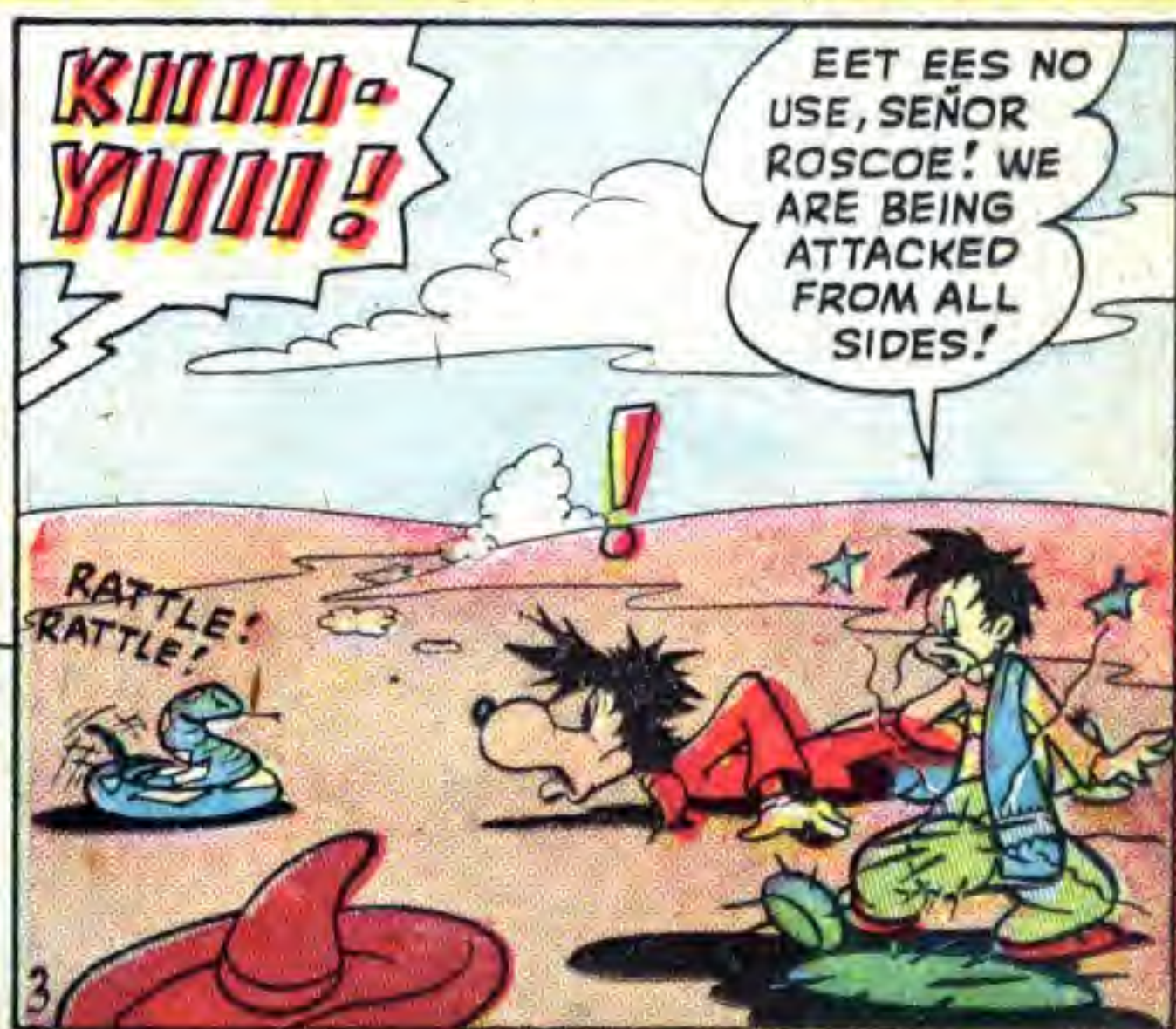
FEATURE COMICS



ROSCOE

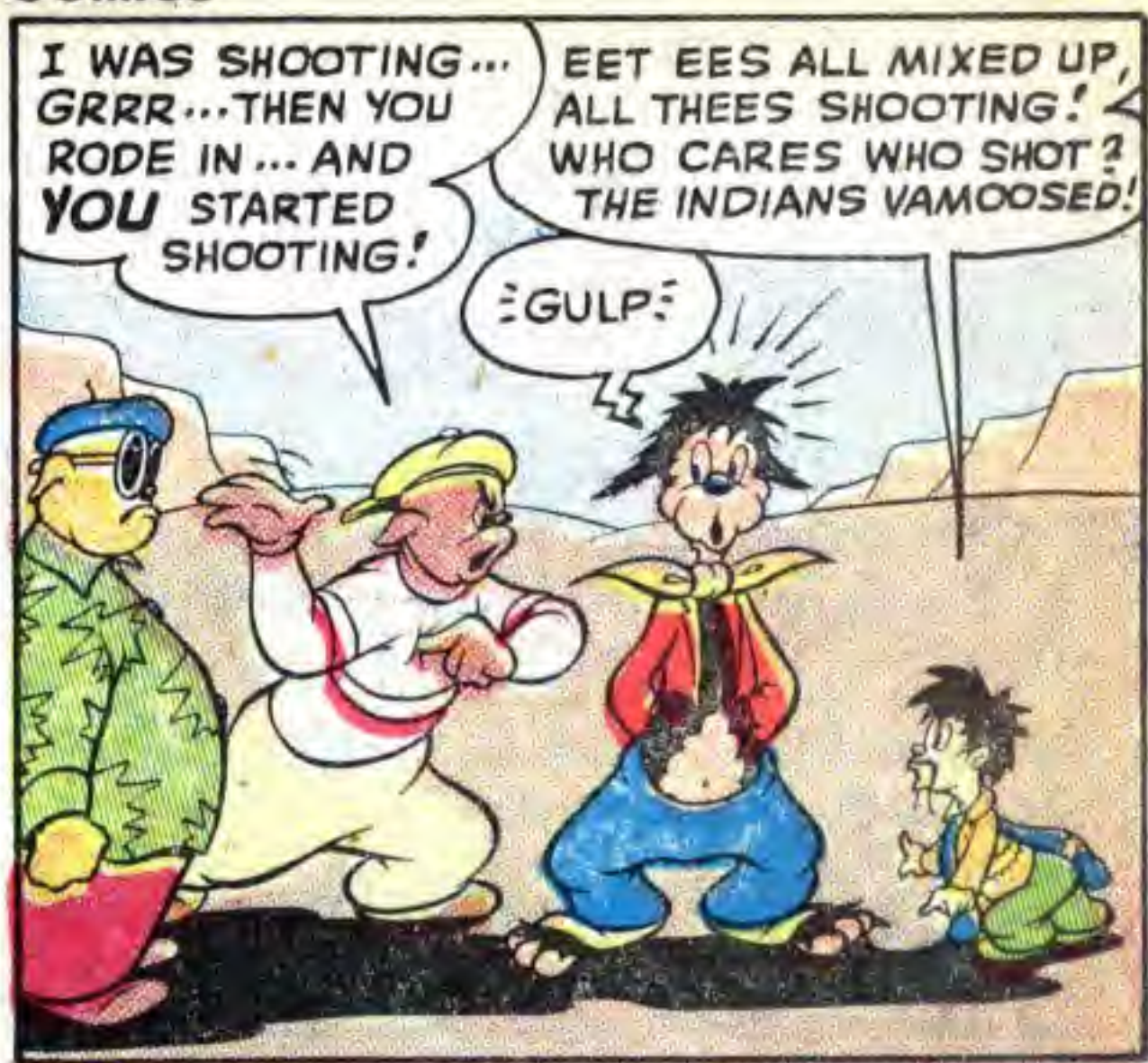








FEATURE COMICS



Swing SONG

"DARREL, I want you to meet Ingrid Evans." Darrel smiled and acknowledged the introduction with a silent whistle. Ingrid was spectacularly lovely.

"And I think you know Robley Duncan," Martha Roberts continued.

"How are you today, Mr. Duncan?" Darrel asked. He had met the young scientist at the Roberts' home before, and understood that he was working with Dr. Roberts on some experiments having to do with the effects of poison gas on human beings. He was brilliant, Dr. Roberts had said . . . but an odd sort of personality.

Duncan acknowledged the greeting perfunctorily. It was easy to see why. He had eyes and ears for no one but Ingrid Evans. Throughout the evening he said little, but sat with intent eyes watching her face.

It was the next morning that Darrel received a phone call from Miss Evans. Identifying herself, she seemed embarrassed.

"You see, Mr. Dane, Martha said that is, I . . . well, I am troubled about something, and Martha suggested that you might help me."

"Gladly," Darrel replied, his curiosity aroused. "Will you explain the problem now? Or shall I come to see you?"

"Oh, would you?" Her relief showed in her voice. "I'll be at home this afternoon. Could you come then?"

Darrel agreed, then hung up the phone. He put in a call himself, to Martha Roberts, and told her of his conversation with Ingrid.

"What goes on?" he inquired. "Give me the background. What makes you think I can help this beautiful damsel in distress?"

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" Martha said. "As for your helping her . . . well, I don't know just what you can do, but you're an ex-

pert at helping people! It's Dad's assistant—Robley Duncan!"

"The intense young scientist?" Darrel's voice rose in surprise. "The plot thickens!"

"Yes," Martha agreed. "He met Ingrid here several weeks ago and fell madly in love with her at first sight. She always made it clear that they were only friends, but he seemed certain that eventually he could persuade her to marry him."

"I could see last night that the poor guy was hard hit."

"Maybe you could see, too, that he is an odd person . . . so singleminded as to be hardly normal! And that's the trouble. Later last night, Ingrid told him that she had fallen in love with another man and plans to marry him. She says Robley was almost violent—shouted that if she wouldn't marry him, she would never marry anyone. He frightened her badly."

"I don't see what I can do," Darrel mused, "short of recommending that she wear a veil to hide those troublesome looks! But I'll talk to her."

"It's so good of you to come, Mr. Dane!" Ingrid exclaimed when she opened her door that afternoon. "But I am afraid I was alarmed over nothing!" She was smiling, and showed no sign of strain or worry.

"Martha told me something of your problem," Darrel said. "Do you mean that it has ceased to exist?"

"Thank heavens, yes! This morning I was terribly worried. Really, Robley was so violent last night that I . . . well, I felt that he was capable of . . . almost anything!"

"And since this morning . . ."

"He was here himself, not long ago. I was almost afraid to open the door, but he was like a different person. He apologized for last

night . . . said he realized how selfish he had been, and wanted to wish me happiness. He even brought me a gift . . . a wedding present in advance!"

She led Darrel to the mantel and indicated a figure placed in the center. It was a hollow glass swan, so delicate and fragile that it seemed almost as if a hard breath might shatter it.

"Lovely, isn't it? Robley was so afraid I would break it that he wouldn't let me touch it. He placed it there himself. He also brought me a recording. A surprise . . . I don't know what it is. He asked me, as one last favor, to play it, alone, at nine o'clock this evening . . . his swan song, you see!"

Darrel left with a feeling of uneasiness nagging at the back of his brain. This sudden volte-face, this gentle gesture seemed uncharacteristic of the violent scientist. He tried to argue himself out of it, but, shortly after eight o'clock that evening, he gave in to the feeling. He drove to Duncan's apartment and knocked at the door.

"I was just passing by," Darrel explained, "and thought I'd say hello!" The scientist seemed ill at ease, and Darrel felt so himself. He glanced around the living room and his gaze was caught by a figure on the mantelpiece—a fragile glass swan.

"You're just in time to listen to some music," Duncan said. "I have a special recording I must play at nine o'clock . . . a sort of tryst!"

Recordings . . . glass swans . . . and Duncan had been working with poison gas! Suspicions fitted together in Darrel's mind and he stiffened abruptly. So it was to be *truly* a swan song! He looked up to find Duncan watching him with an odd smile on his face.

"So you've guessed! You must have been talking to Ingrid! Well, it doesn't matter now, you can't stop me . . . you'll just go along too!"

Darrel plunged for the door, but found it unyielding to his pull. The scientist smiled again.

"A special electric lock," he explained. "Locks are a hobby of mine. So is music, and this room has been soundproofed for record playing. There isn't a phone in it, so you can't

get out or warn her. All you can do is to remain . . . to share our nine-o'clock fate!"

Darrel thought desperately. The man was mad; there would be no reasoning with him. It was twenty minutes of nine . . . twenty minutes in which to save his own life and that of Ingrid Evans. He strolled over to Duncan; then suddenly delivered a punch that dropped the man back in his chair, unconscious. Hastily Darrel checked on Duncan's statements and found them true. There was no time to force the door, the room had no windows. High in one wall was a baffled ventilator. Darrel piled chairs and small tables under it. Then he called forth all his energy, concentrating the molecules of his body by an effort of his will. In a second, the tiny form of the Doll Man had taken Darrel's place.

Quickly the Doll Man climbed the improvised ladder and wormed his way through the ventilator. Outside, he dashed to the street. There was no time to assume his natural form. He leaped unseen to the running board of a passing car; leaped off again when the car made a wrong turn and, imperilled by heavy traffic, caught another running board of a car going in the proper direction. This mad dash brought him to Ingrid Evans' apartment building. Two minutes of nine! If only Ingrid's watch were not fast!

Stretching to reach the doorknob, he threw open Ingrid's door and burst into her living room. She stood beside a phonograph, holding Duncan's record in her hand. Gathering himself for a spring the Doll Man sailed through the air and knocked the record from her grasp, to shatter on the floor.

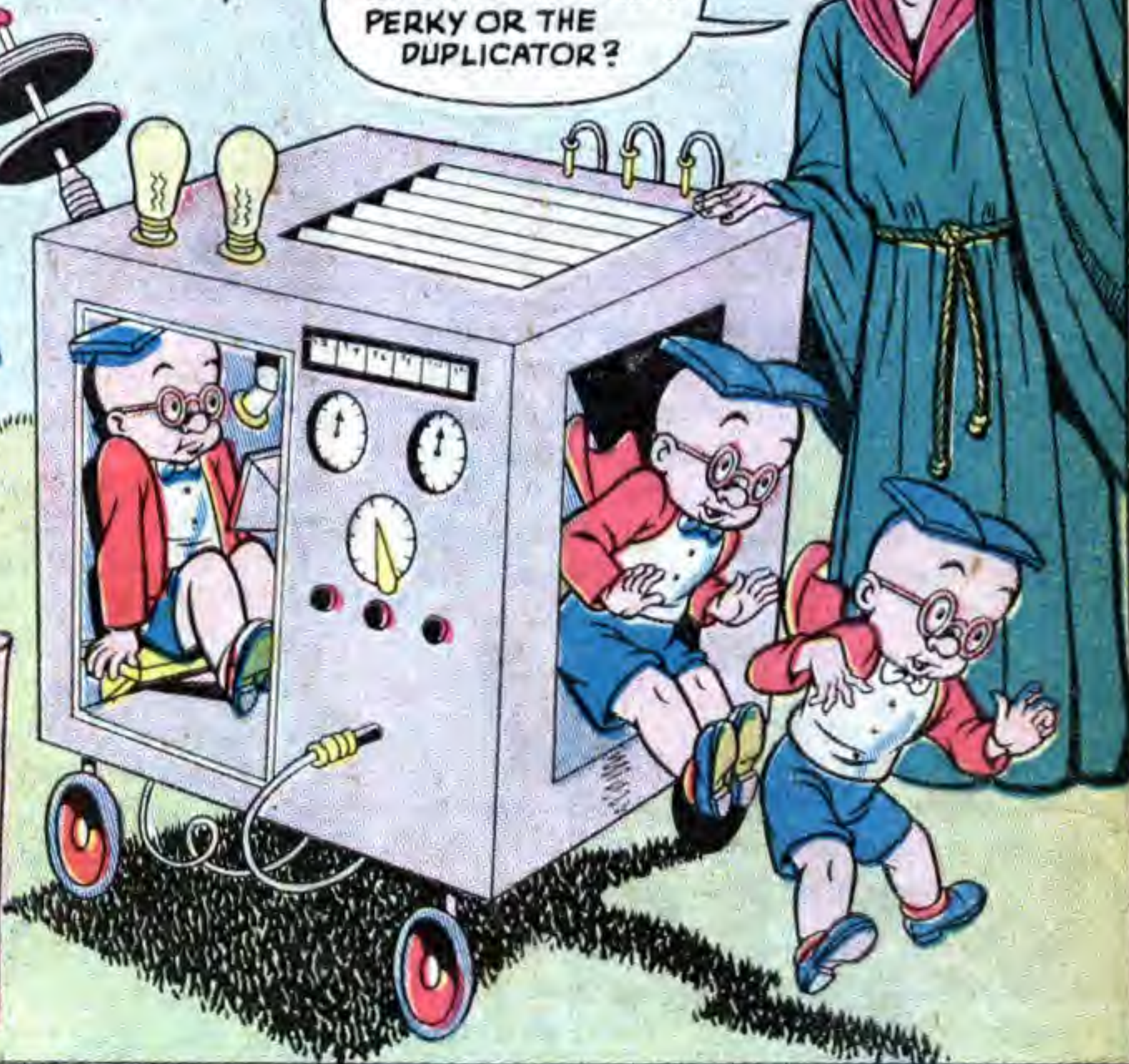
Later, after he had assumed his normal form, Darrel explained to Ingrid and to the police. Breaking into Duncan's apartment, wearing the masks suggested by Darrel, the police discovered the dead body of the scientist. Duncan had filled the glass swans with a deadly poison gas and had sealed them. He had a special recording, containing a high-pitched note of music that would shatter the delicate glass, releasing the poison gas and instantly killing anyone in the room. Had the recordings been played at nine o'clock, the tune would have been one of suicide and murder if the Doll Man had not intervened.

PERKY

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHICH CAME FIRST, PERKY OR THE DUPLICATOR?



Everybody has a good and a bad side! Perky, who some time ago, stepped into a magician's vanishing box, finds his bad side an unwelcome reality when he visits **DOUBLE LAND!**



DOUBLE LAND! THAT NAME'S GOT ME STUMPED! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE NATIVES WILL LOOK LIKE AROUND HERE!



OOF!

HUMPH! HERE'S WHERE I TAKE ANOTHER SUCKER!

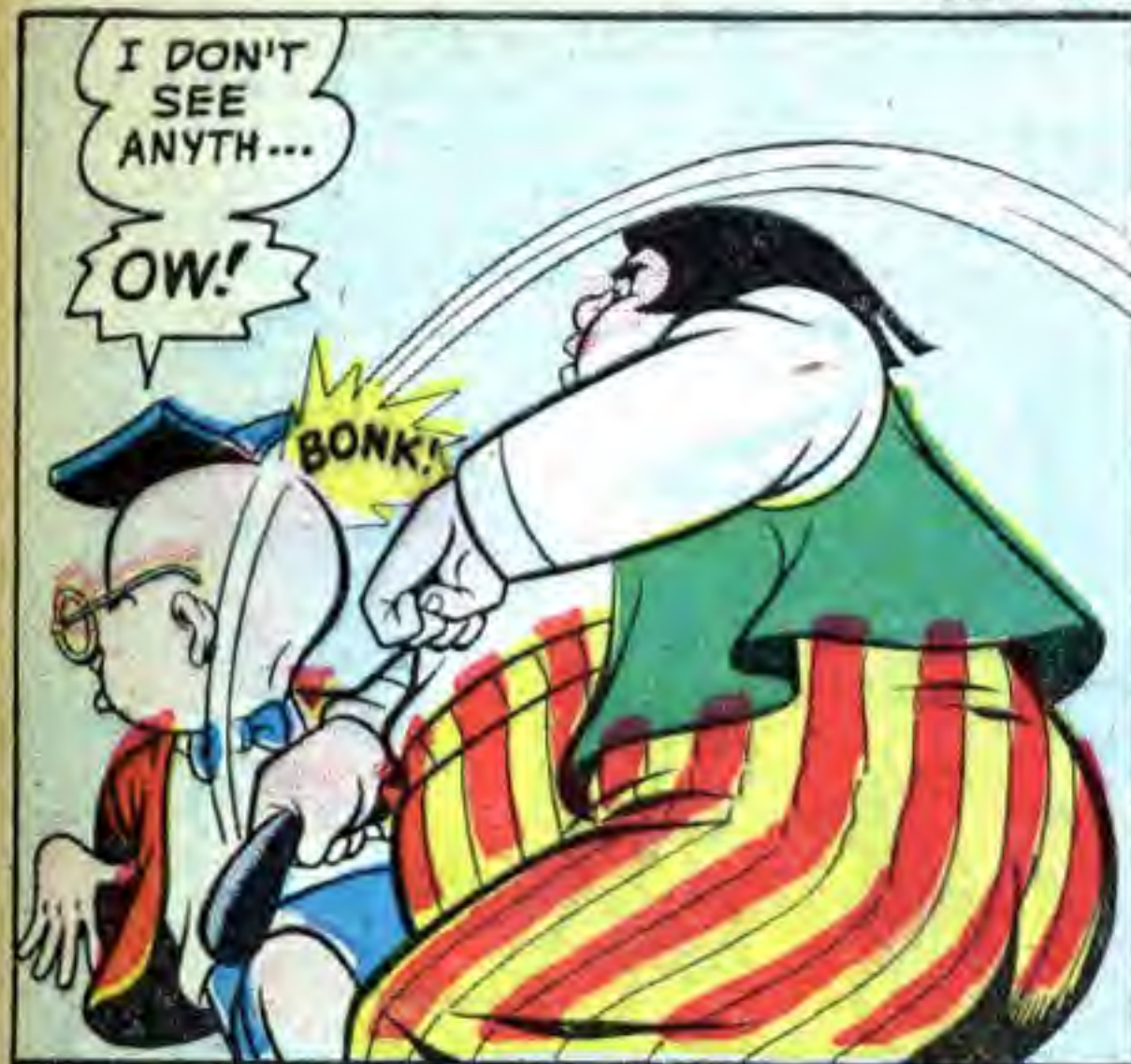
BAH! MY BAD DOUBLE IS AT IT AGAIN! I'M FED UP!

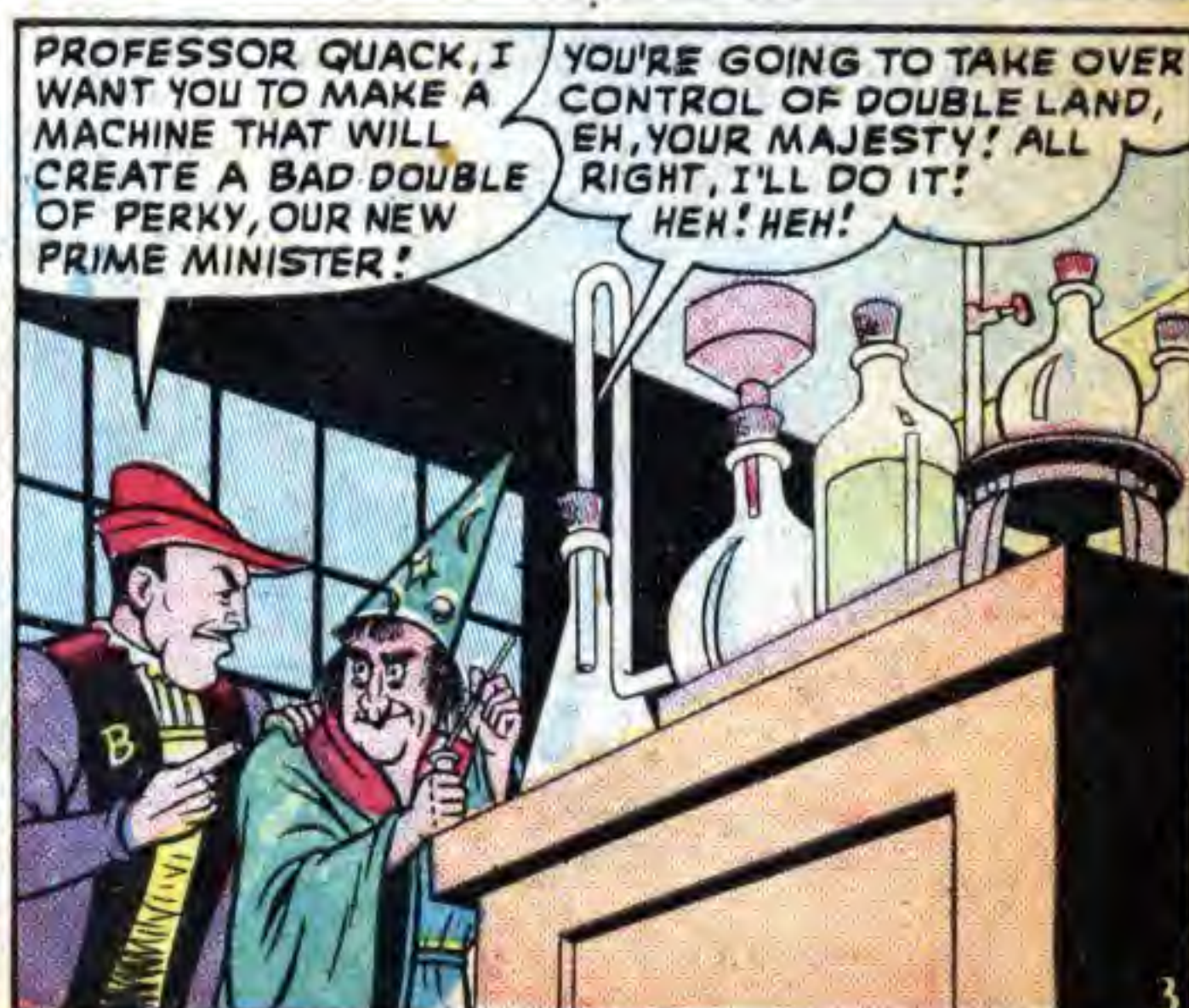
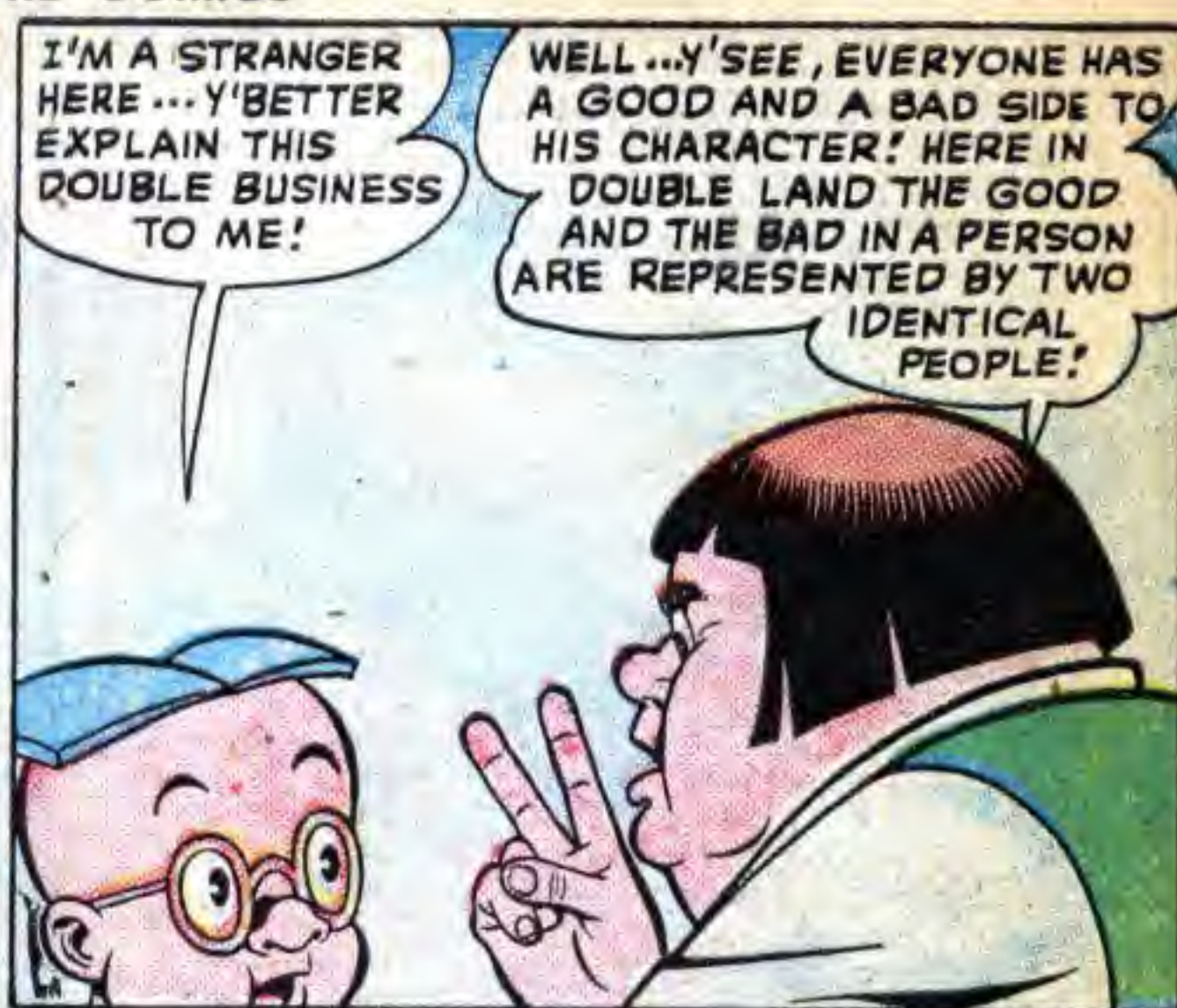


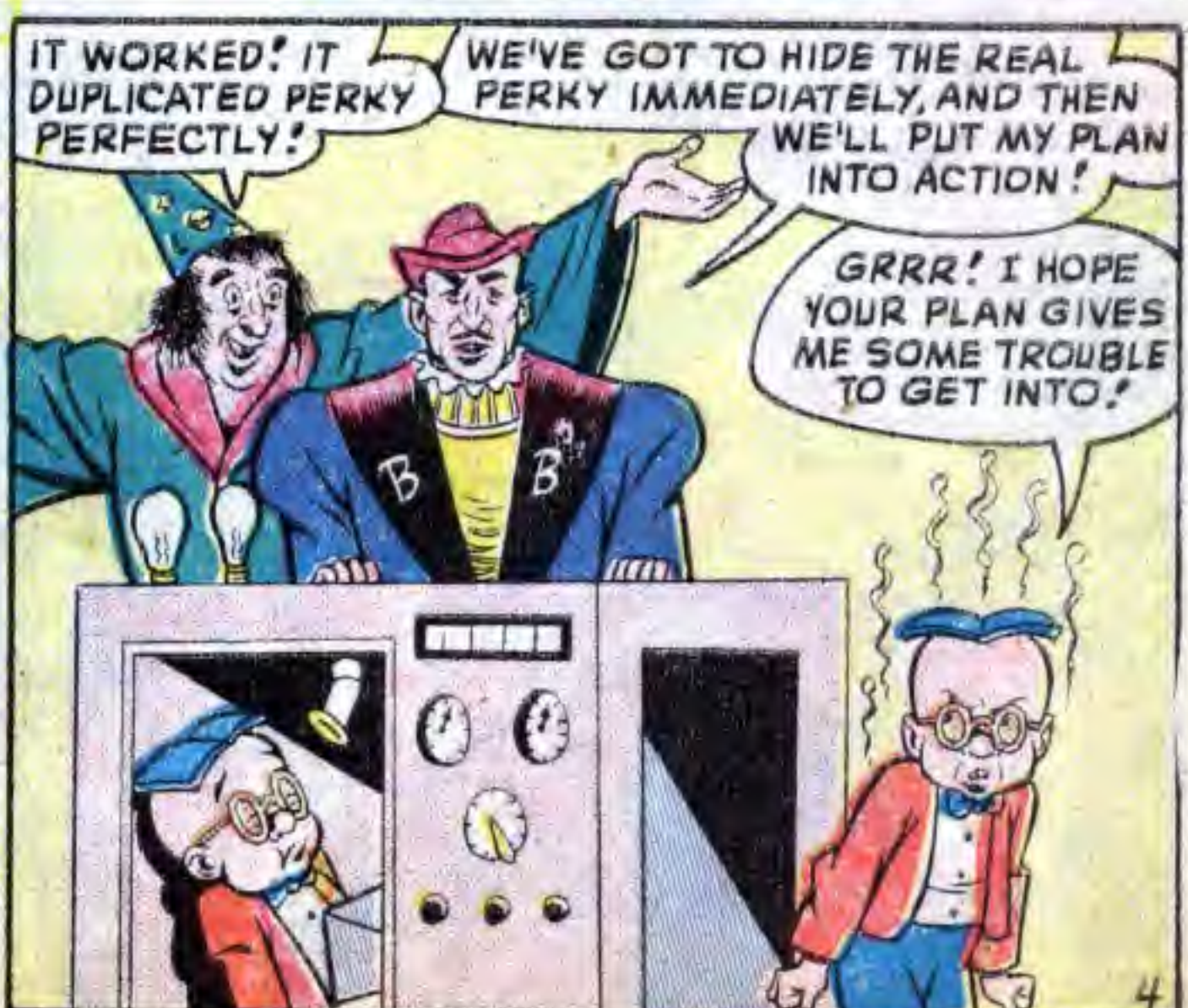
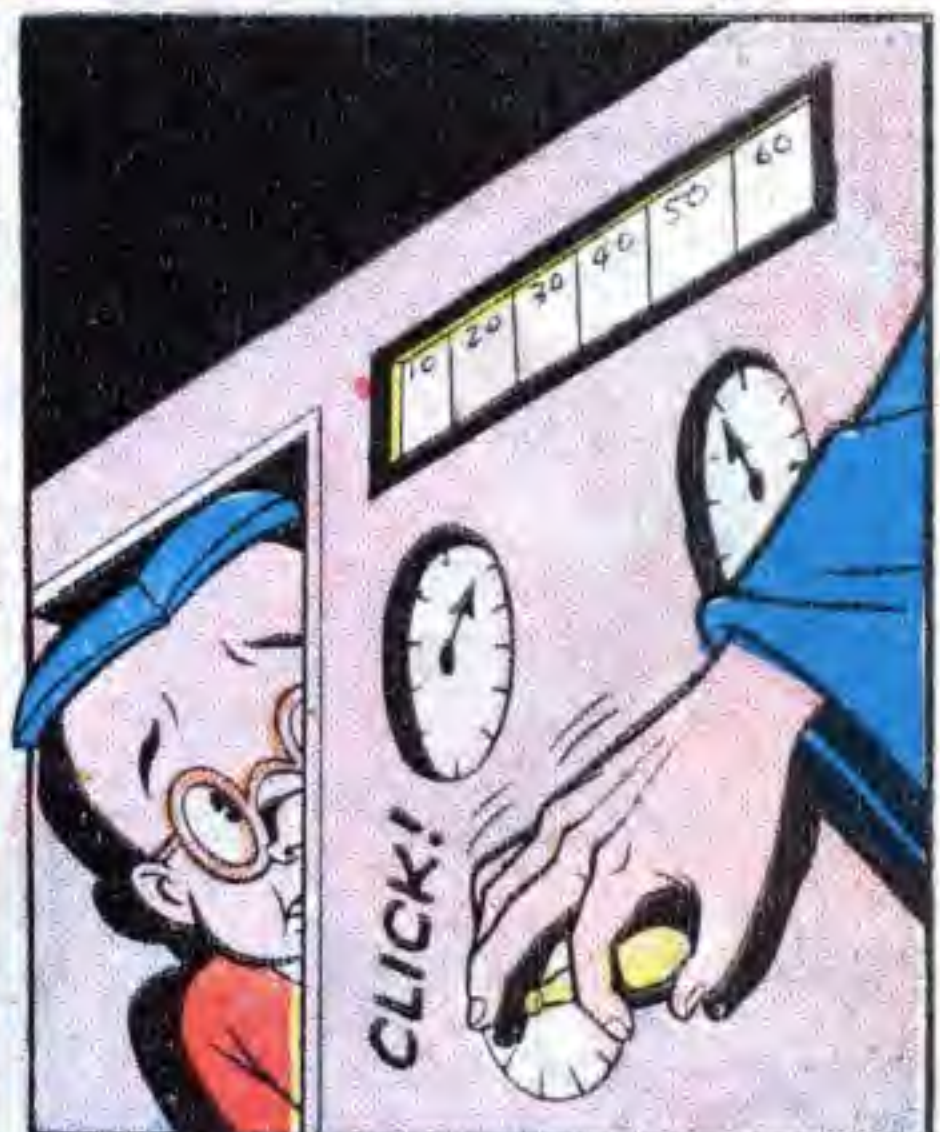
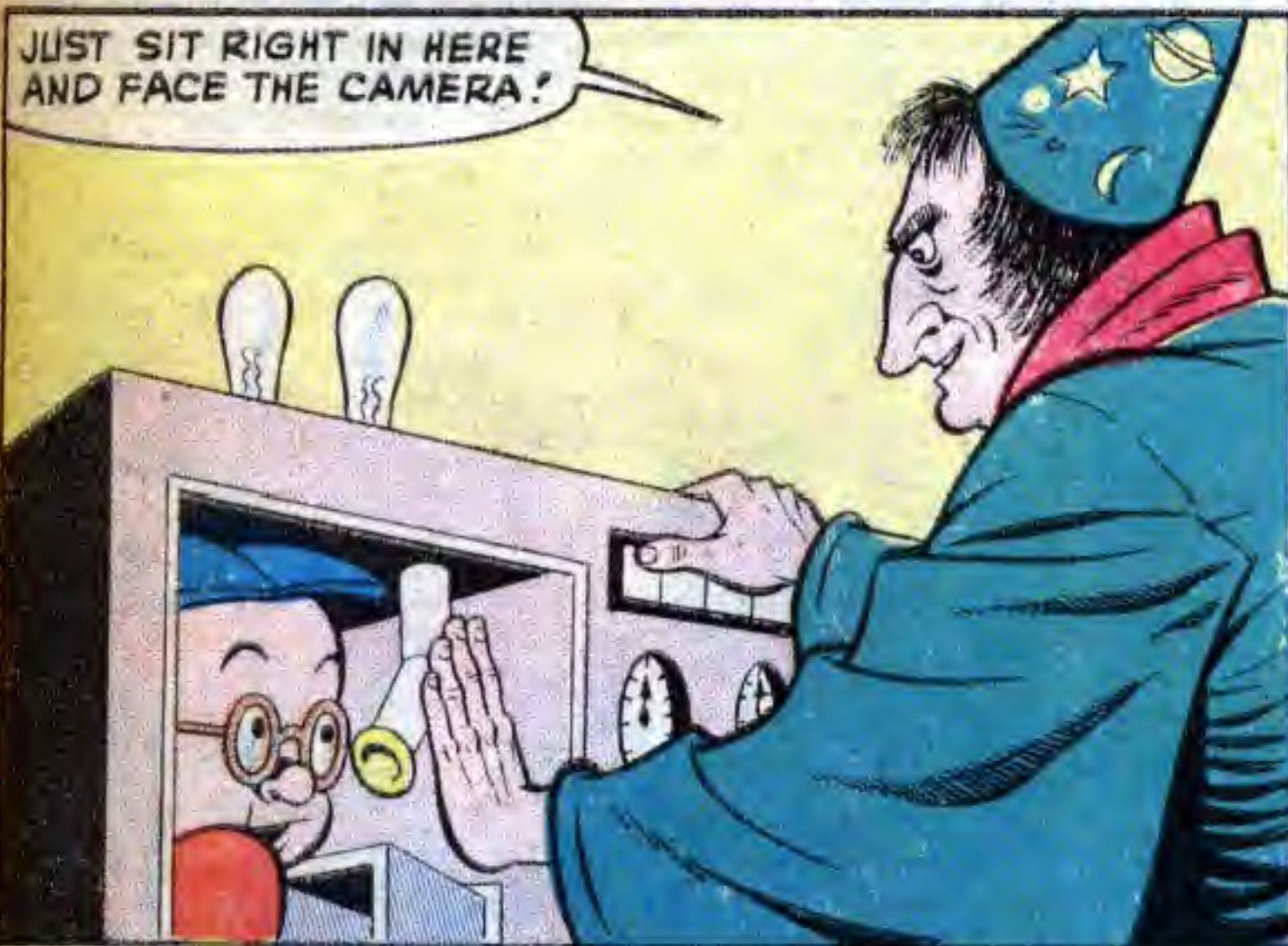
PARDON ME, MISTER! BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHY THIS PLACE IS CALLED DOUBLE LAND?

AW, EVERYONE HERE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A TWIN WHO LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIM! BUT DON'T BELIEVE IT! HEY...LOOK BEHIND YA!









The false Perky takes over the job of Prime Minister and overnight the good characters of Double Land find themselves under the heel of a dictator!

FROM NOW ON YOU GOOD PEOPLE WILL PAY A NINETY-NINE PER CENT INCOME TAX AND TURN OVER ALL YOUR CLOTHES TO YOUR DOUBLES!

BUT...BUT, YOUR EXCELLENCY... NO BUTS... JUST OBEY ORDERS!



WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED BY PERKY! HE'S GIVING EVERYTHING TO OUR BAD DOUBLES!

LET'S GET HIM!



THE GOOD CITIZENS ARE GETTING REBELLIOUS! WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!

YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND HIDE...I'LL HAND THE REAL PERKY OVER TO THE MOB!



THERE'S THE TRAITOR! GET HIM!

WAIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



WHAT HAVE I DONE?

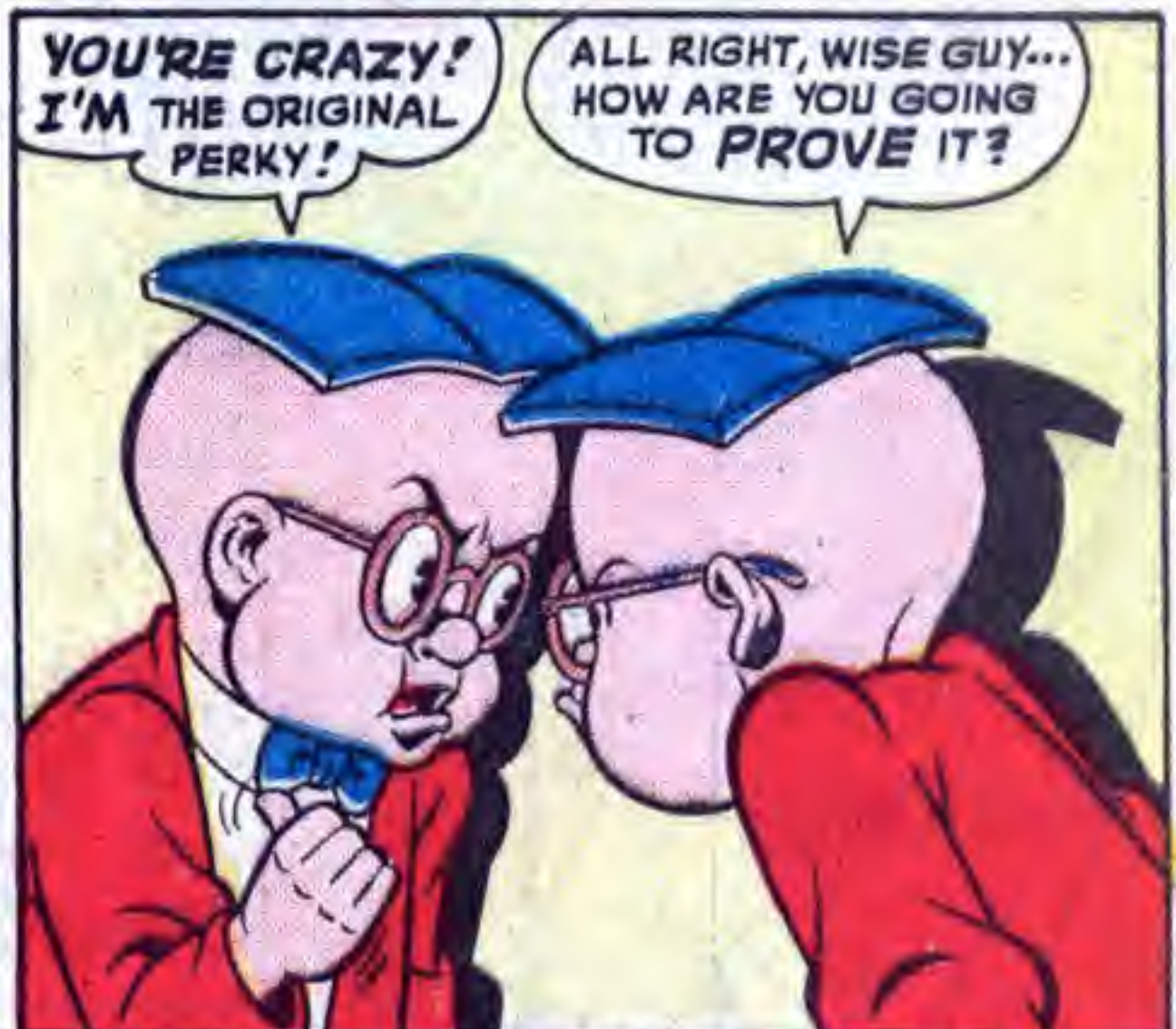
YOU'VE SET YOURSELF UP AS A TYRANT...THAT'S WHAT?



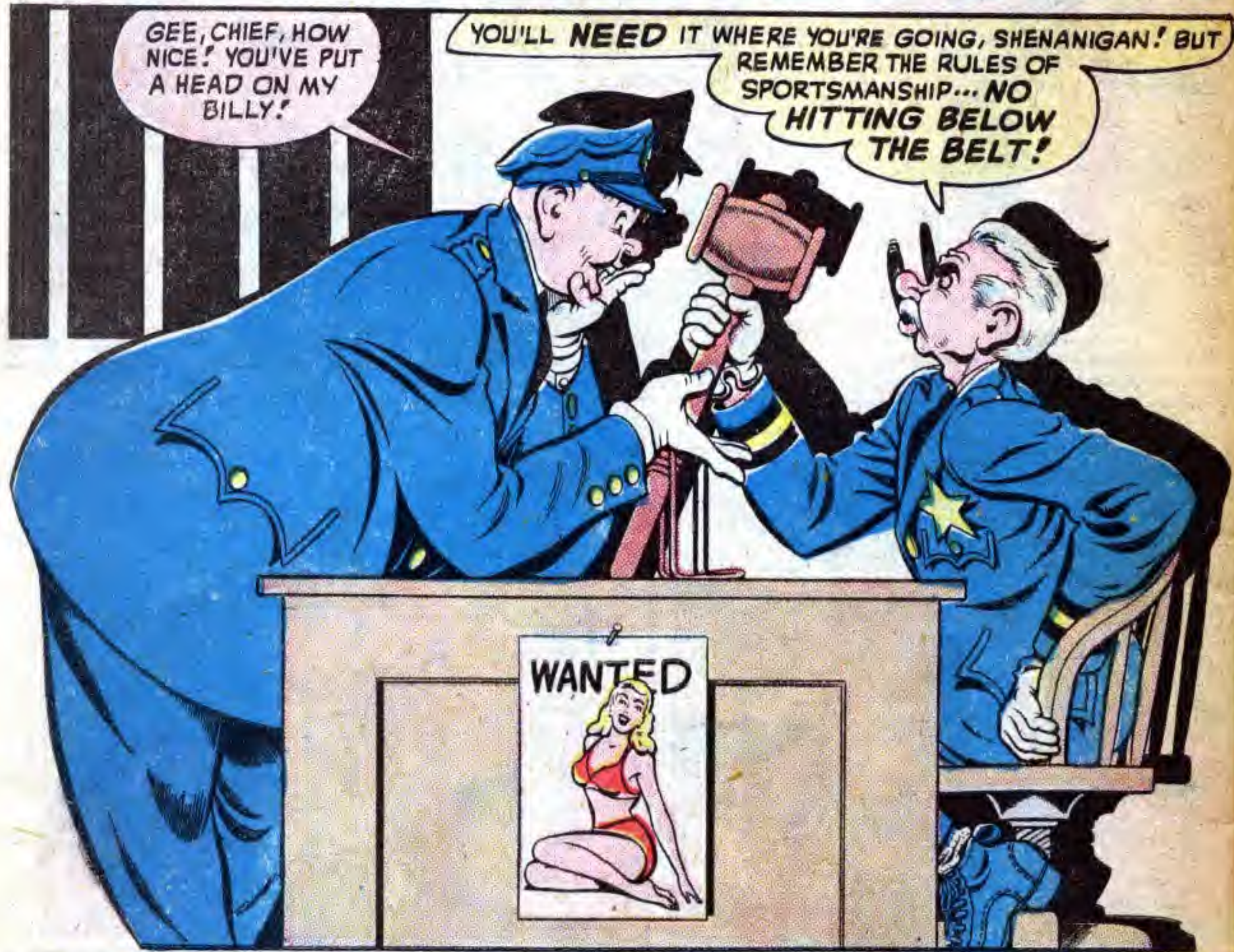
BUT SOMEBODY SLUGGED ME...AND I'VE BEEN OUT COLD EVER SINCE!

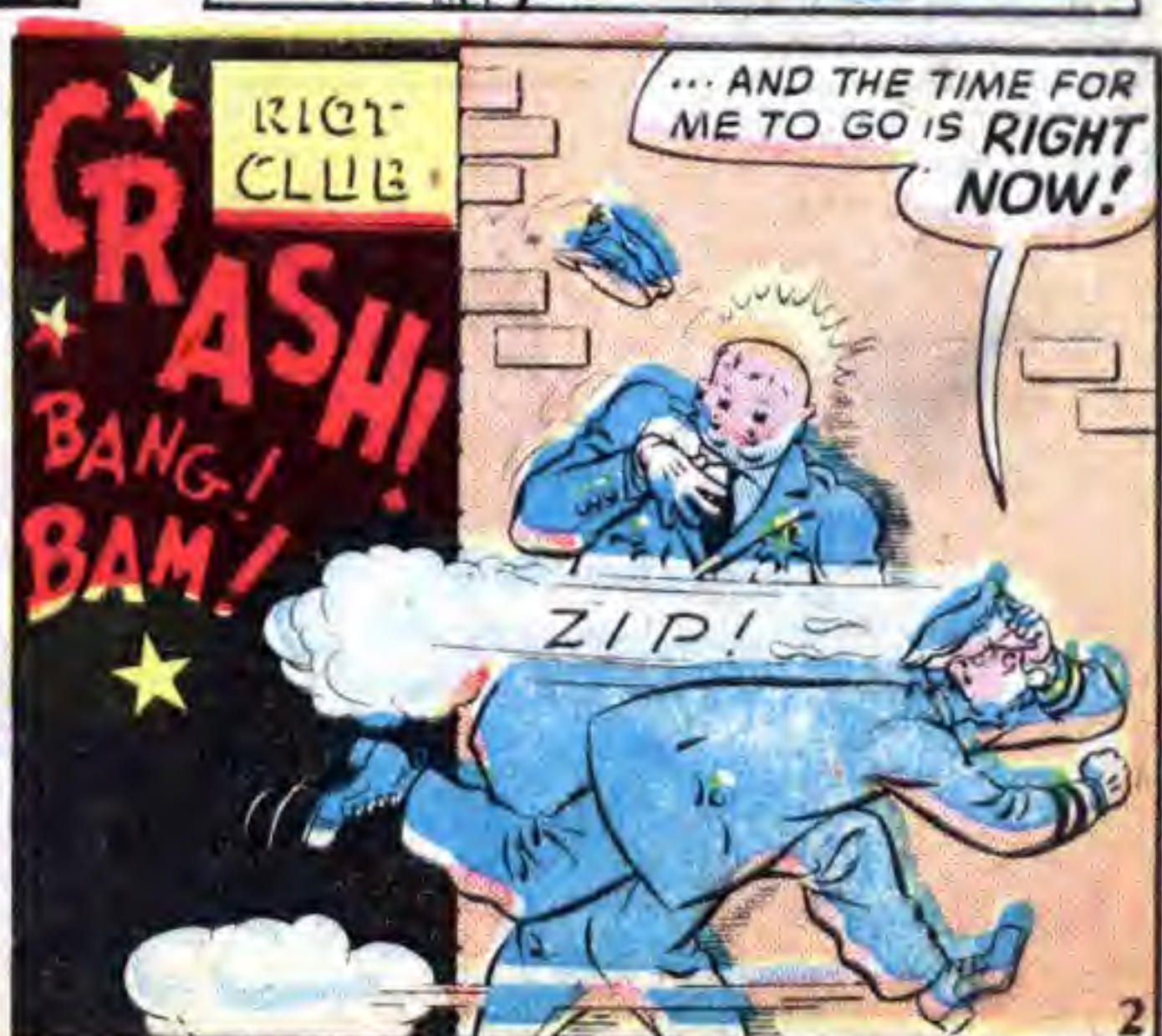
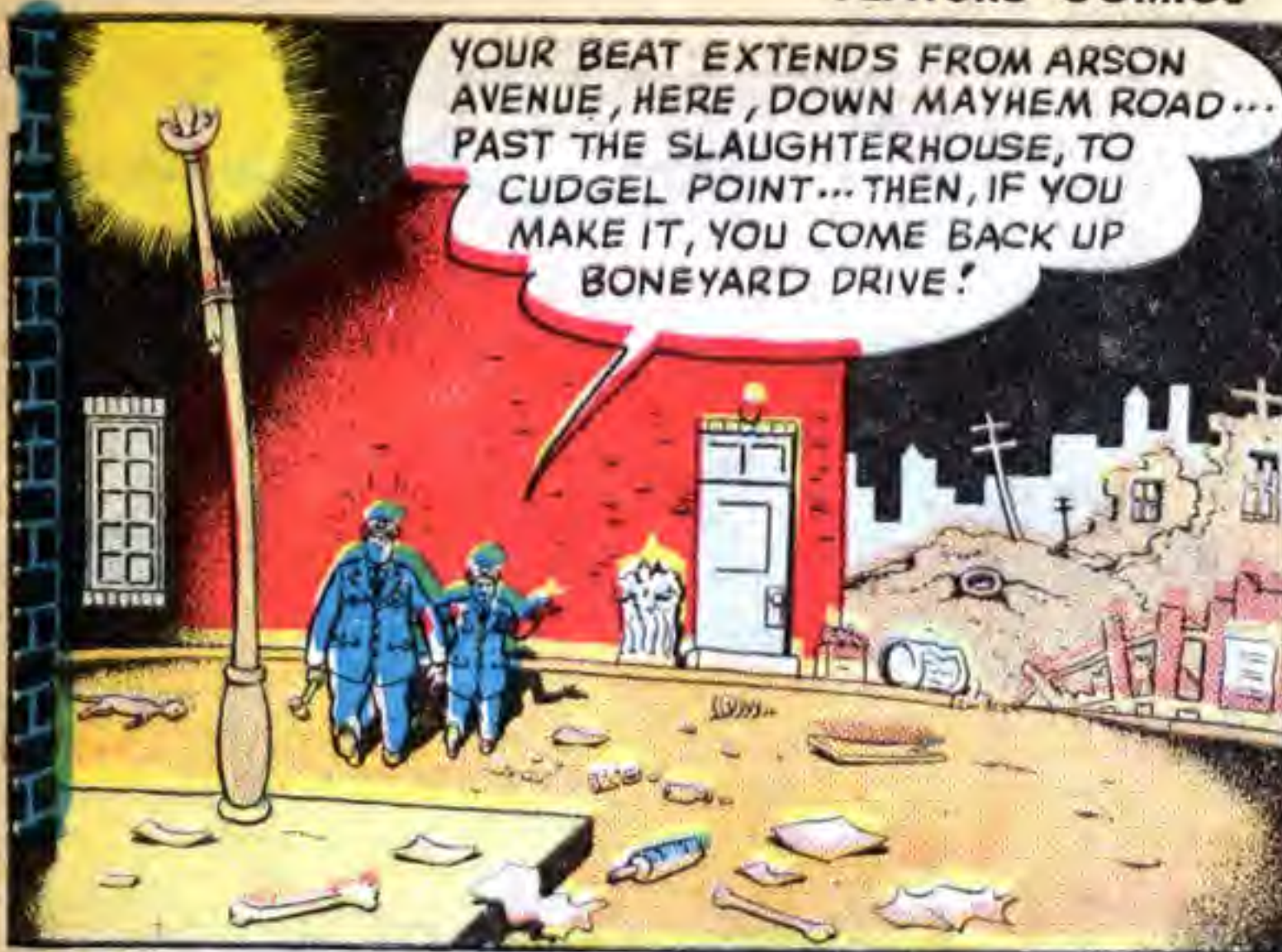
HEH! HEH!

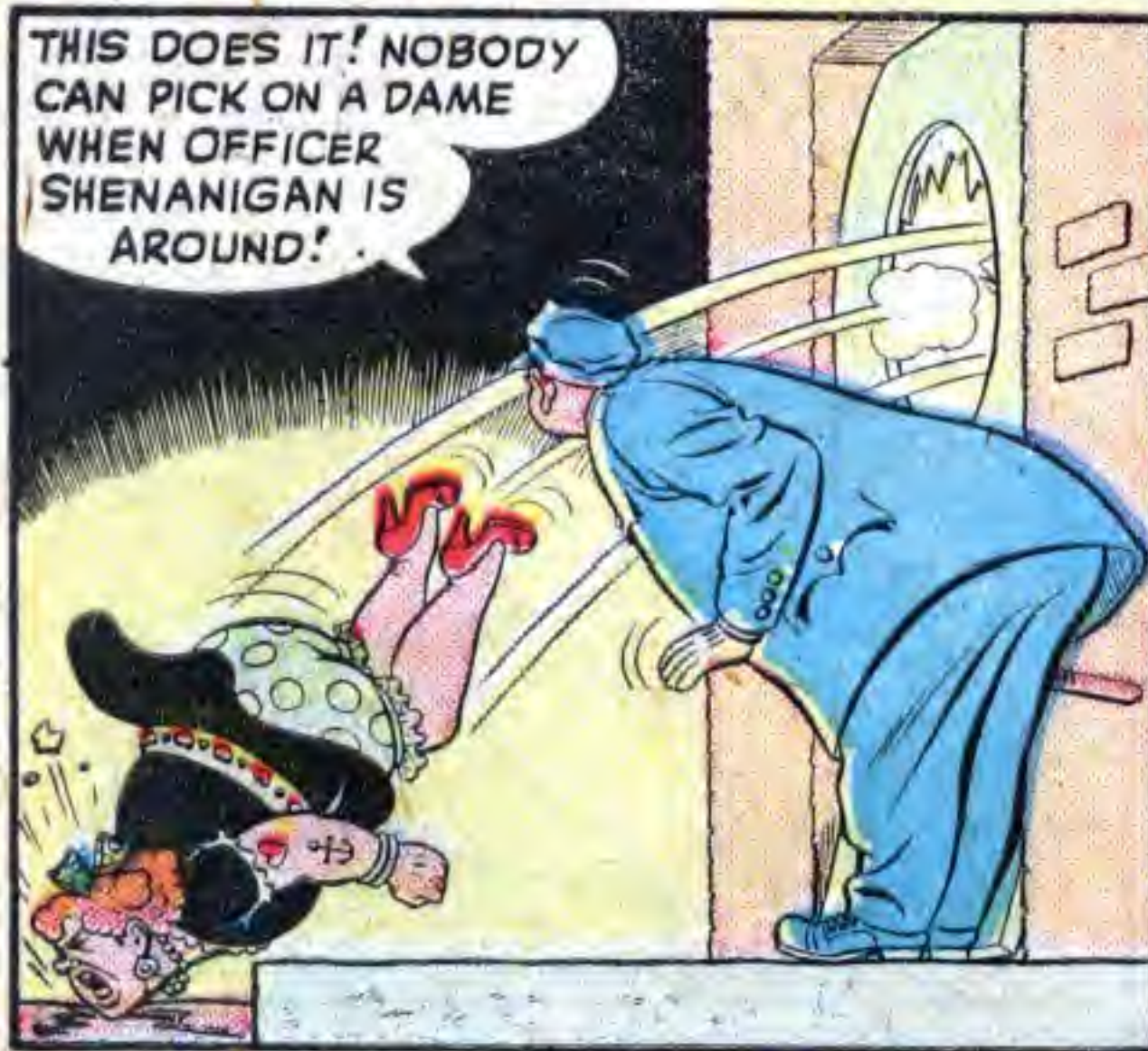




SHENANIGAN







FEATURE COMICS



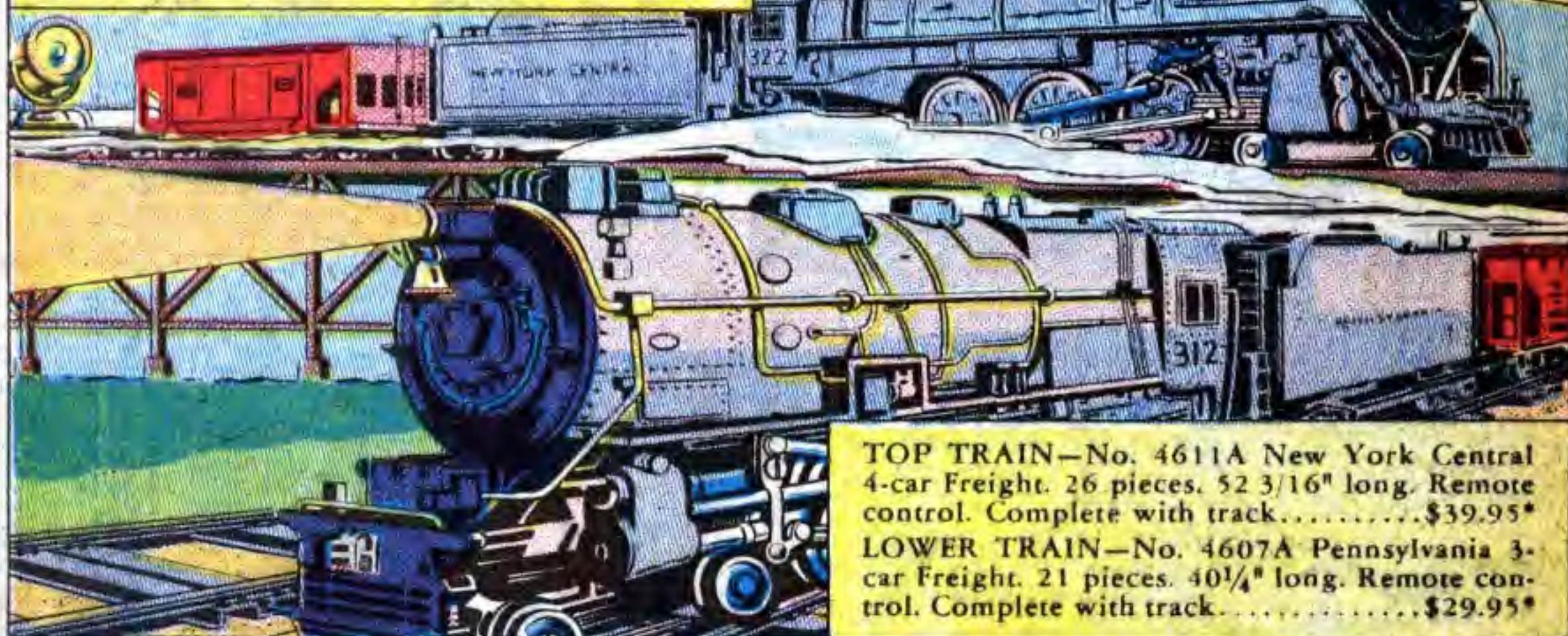
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Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

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SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke... the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



TOP TRAIN—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car Freight. 26 pieces. 52 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95*
LOWER TRAIN—No. 4607A Pennsylvania 3-car Freight. 21 pieces. 40 1/4" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$29.95*

NEW TALKING RAILROAD STATION



The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real—hugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher



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 I enclose 10¢. Rush colossal train book.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

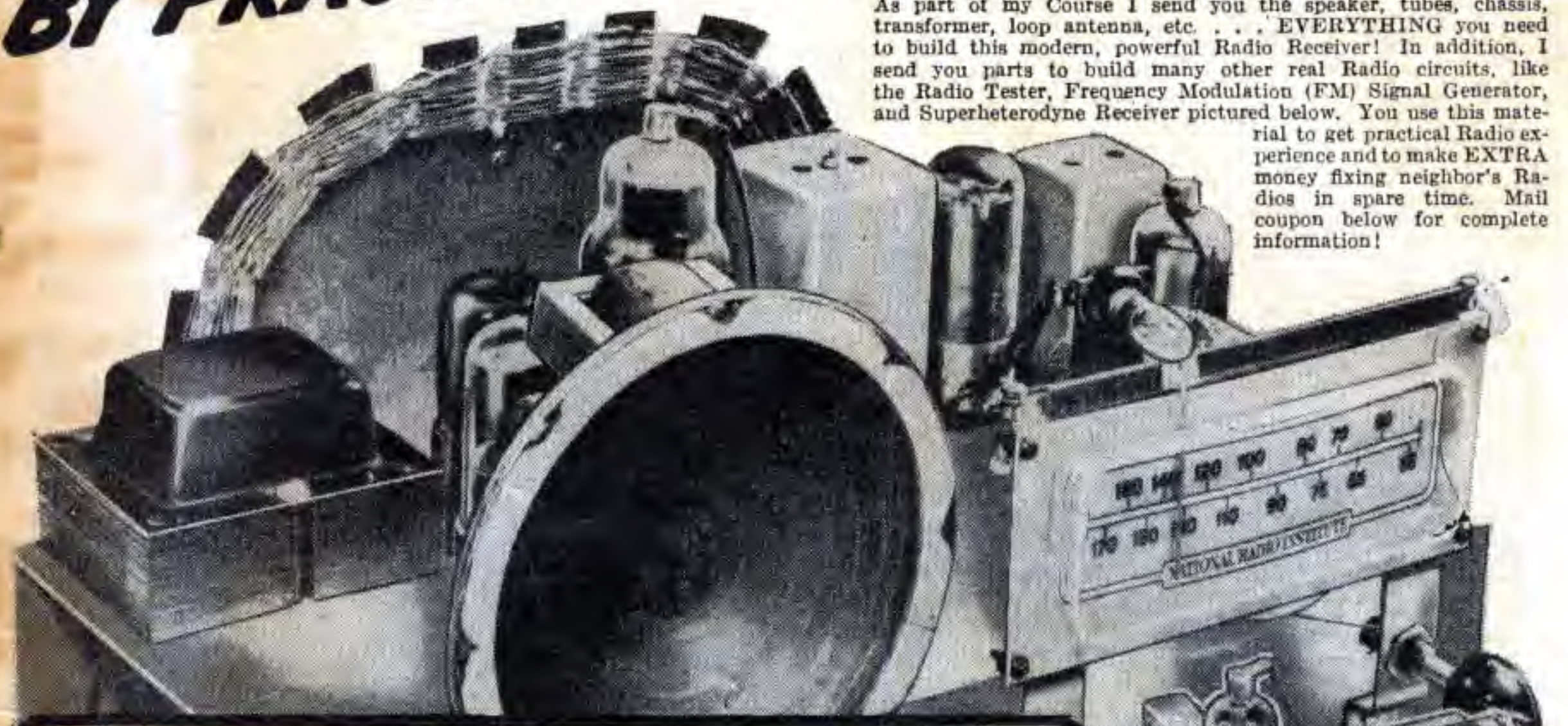
(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

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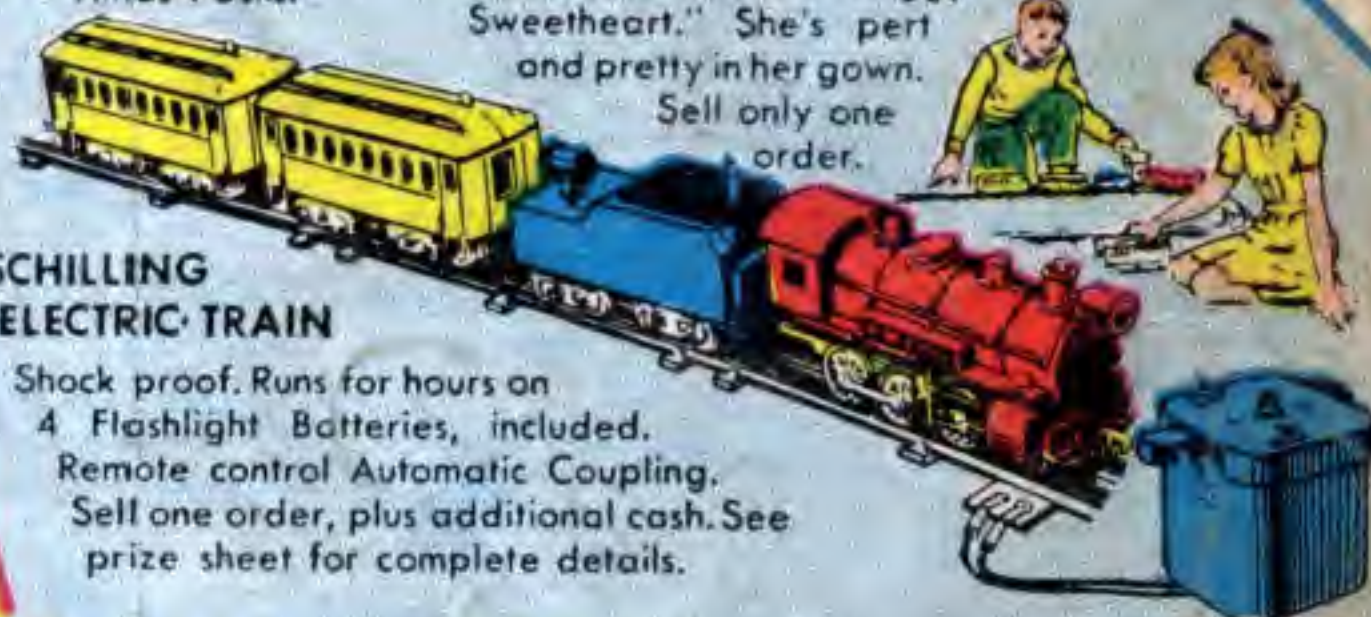


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